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NCZ
Anonymous

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THE

ANONYMOUS.

VOL. II.

———— *fulgentē trahit constrictos Gloria curru,*
Non minus IGNOTOS generosis.

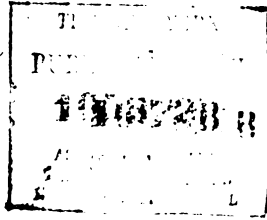
HOR.

From love of Fame no earthly Bosom free,
It fires ev'n poor *Incognitos*, like me.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. M'CREEERY, BLACK-HORSE-COURT,
FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1810.



NUMBER XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20th, 1807.

Solventur risu tabulæ : tu missus abibis.

HOR.

My Lords the Judges laugh ; and you're dismiss'd.

POPE.

OPINION.

I HAVE considered the case of *Mr. Anonymous* with attention ; and am of opinion that to *General Vallancey*, no action has accrued.* In supposing him to have negotiated a treaty of alliance, between the Irish and Phœnicians, the Querist does not seem to me to have charged him with an act, which can be regarded as an adherence to the King's enemies ; nor indeed with any thing, which does not reflect credit on this learned officer, rather than disgrace. Neither do I conceive that the Plaintiff's case would be amended, by that proof which, it is alleged, he is prepared to make, viz. that though there may be some *Punica Fides* amongst our lower orders, yet so far from

* See No. 13.

being Phœnicians, they are, on the contrary, for the most part Romans.*

As to the joints (I would say points) of veal, if *PALEMON* meant any insult to the Engineer *DAMATAS*, I am clear that *the Anonymous* has translated the affront. But as no proceedings appear to have been taken in the Mantuan case, I infer that the Latin Arbitrator's in-decision was not held to be a violation of the *civil law*.† Indeed it may with truth be said, that the Querist has degraded his antiquarian disputants to mere shepherds. But it will be observed how Doctor Ledwich has dubbed his Rival;‡ and will be recollected that the La Manchian Knight had resolved to devote his days to Arcadian pleasures, when Serjeant Death|| put a period to his plans, and his career.

* Or, according to Doctor Duigenan, Romanists.—The lower Orders in Ireland are, for the most part, Roman Catholics.

† See Virgil's third Eclogue; and No. 13 of the Anonymous. The learned Reader will not need to be informed first, that the Eclogue in question ends with a declaration by the Arbitrator that the controversy is one beyond his powers of decision; or secondly that *παλαιος* means Antiqué; or thirdly that DAM forms a good first syllable for the name of an Engineer.—Neither will the Irish (or perhaps English) Reader require to be told that General Vallancey was an Engineer; or that Doctor Ledwich says he (himself) is an Antiquarian.

‡ See No. 13 of the Anonymous; and the extracts from Ledwich's Antiquities, there given.

|| Called Serjeant, (by Shakspeare,) in the reign of James the

As to the Divine, I have perhaps been hasty, in applying the term degradation to his case: his functions being of the pastoral kind; as the crosier, (which he must have in view,) will demonstrate to him. In taxing this reverend Ecclesiastick with liveliness and genius, the Querist may however have exposed himself to an action. These are serious charges; and, if substantiated, might condemn a man to obloquy for life. If therefore, *Mr. Anonymous* be not prepared to justify, (for the onus probandi will be cast on him,) I recommend that he should at once retract his rash denial of the Doctor's D * * * * *.† This recantation, accompanied by a proper apology, will be likely to mitigate the damages; though it may not destroy the right of action.

As for Doctor *Hill's* three points, they are manifestly inter apices; and, I am of opinion, have no-

First; and, not improbably, related to his name-sake, Doctor *Fell*; certainly as little loved; and perhaps often with as little reason for dislike. This conjecture, whether well or ill founded, of a connection between Death and the Doctor, is not extravagant at the least.—“This *FELL Serjeant*, Death, is strict in his arrest, &cet.

HAMLET.

† Here the MS. is blotted. The obliterated word was certainly not *duplicity*. To my eye it seems as if the last letter was an s; and, from the space it occupies, I conjecture the word to have consisted of but two syllables. But I will not be positive.

thing in them. Neither, though it may be alledged to be of a capital nature, do I consider the charge on Mr. Baron Smith to be *Scandalum Magnatum*. A case is referred to, as in point; *sed non allocatur*: for this would be to strain the judicial privilege to the hat: whereas none of the authorities extend it beyond the wig.

The Goose, noticed in Number XV. can have no relief at law. In equity it may be otherwise; for beyond all doubt he may file *his bill*: in which case Lord Norbury and Mr. J—s— Atkins—* are clear that an answer would come in.

Lastly, the statutes against witchcraft I hold to be obsolete; and that no apprehension need be entertained, of any proceedings on the foot of these. Nor though the magical operations should be performed by the Querist on others as well as on himself, would any civil action, in my opinion, lie. For example, though Sir Charles Vernon should be turned into a viceregal coach,† I am not sure that

* Here again the MS. is blotted. Some conjecture the besmeared word to be *Mr. Joseph Atkinson*: others, with more plausibility, suppose (from the neighbourhood of Lord Norbury, and legal nature of the present document,) that it must be *Mr. Justice Atkins*.—I. A. it unquestionably is: and these respectable initials we find noticed in No. XIV.—Perhaps my English Readers should be informed that Lord Norbury is a Chief Judge.

† See No. I.

there would be *damnum*; but am clear that it would be *absque injuriâ* at the least. I merely put an hypothetical case for illustration; for that an old courtier should be thus *unhackneyed*, is not to be expected.

I am indeed of opinion, after a careful perusal of Number II,* that *Nobody* has a right of action.

MATTHEW MOOTALL.

N. B. Notwithstanding my respect for the opinion of Counsel, I cannot think of retracting my acknowledgements of the "*sportive jocularity*" and Genius of Doctor Ledwich; or of admitting his dulness for a moment.

APOLOGY.

————— S'ascolti:

E poi vada al supplizio: ‡ —if he deserve it.

I have heard, with great concern, that the papers, in which the name of Mr. Baron Smith occurs, have by some been represented as holding up that gentleman to derision; the forerunner of contempt:—which latter Doctor Johnson has justly described to be a gangrene; that when it has seized on any portion of the character, spreads itself with rapid

* Of the Anonymous—where clearly *Nobody* is affronted. See the Number.

‡ Metastasio.

contamination through the whole. But I would ask, what part of a man's character, moral or intellectual, is his hat? *

Though my knowledge of law be not extensive, I know enough to be assured that nothing which I have written is libellous: and therefore the present apology (i. e. defence) is not dictated by any paltry apprehensions with respect to my personal safety. But without being a libeller, one may be a traducer; and an abstinence from this latter species of unpunishable detraction, in ceasing to be a *legal* duty, becomes (on this very account) an *honourable* obligation.

If I had libelled Baron Smith, I should have but exposed myself to the vengeance which he has inflicted on others who have done so; --- the most complete and contemptuous neglect. That gentleman seems to hold, that character and conduct supply the best answer to a slander; and that the brightness of these will efface the blots which base malignity has cast upon them. How scandalous it must be, to assail a person, who makes the spite and falsehood of the assailant his only shield! In time (but it requires time,) these do indeed form a buckler, of impenetrable strength. But I am happy to have ground for believing, that the Baron does not consider my allusion to his hat, in any other light than that of a pleasantry, as free from malice, as (perhaps) destitute of

* See No. VII.

wit:—nay, as a vehicle of which I have made use, for the conveyance not of malignity, but of esteem.

If I find myself again represented as the derider of one whom I esteem, I may be provoked reluctantly to do that, which I have the means of doing : to lay bare to others and to him, the sources of that *Hebenon*,* which has flowed for his depreciation ; and trace the tributary streams of venom, which have fed its poisonous course. Meantime, to harmonize whatever discord may be found in my latter paragraphs, “ *let’s have*”—not “ *a dance* ;” but *a poem* ; if the Reader has no objection.—With the English stanzas,—which are *Waller’s*,—he is of course acquainted. But the insertion of so beautiful a composition would scarcely need apology,—even though it were not necessary towards introducing the Latin version which is subjoined ; and which I find attributed to the Author of those lines upon Lord Nelson, which have already appeared, in Number XVII.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a Spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching,—I am caught.

* This poison, my reader will recollect, was administered to the ear.

The Eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.*

Had *Echo*, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

VERSION.

Omnes tu superans, ipsam te denique tantum
Excellis, lusit quæ mea Musa—canens,
Captus ut—heu! demens, docui quo carmine,—ut
Umbra,
Cedo pulchra CHLORI;—et do tibi, (parce!) manus.

Fulminis haud aliter summo Gestator Olympo,
Quem vae! per sudum, Mors inopina ferit,
Dum cadit in terram, crudeli saucius ictu,
Aspicit in spiculo plumam (horresco!†) suam.

Ardentis sese† voces tam suaviter olim,
Murmur et, e latebris si retulisset ECHO,
Auribus ille cito captus, non lumine, amasset;—
Immemor en formæ; jam moriensque sono.

* This beautiful thought is not preserved in the translation:

† Horresco referens.—

VIRG.

‡ ——— Pastor Corydon ardebat Alexia.

Ibid.

Ad libitum Erratum in this Number.

For ANSER, those *may* read ANSWER, who consider this latter to be the better reading.

K.

NUMBER XXVI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20th, 1807.

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

HOR.

Your thoughts prepare; and set your mind at ease :
Words, unreluctant, follow where you please.

SIR,

IN these days of rapine and invasion, it can scarcely be expected that your valuable province should escape attack; you are therefore hereby offered the aid of a powerful army for its defence—an army consisting of five-and-thirty thousand¹—at least on paper. Fear not our *spirit*. You can at all times infuse into us every particle of *your own*.* Be equally confident

* Of *Words* it may with truth be said, that "*Spiritus infus*

of our discipline ; whether you would have us attack *heroically* in line,² advance in column, or scatter, to elude the leaden round shot of allied dunces, or escape those canisters whose contents³ might otherwise be lodged within us, † you have but to command.— Be you a good Marshal, and you may depend upon your troops. The aid we offer is, indeed, that of our community at large, of which you may not be displeased to see the following, however imperfect and short, account.

Though our remote progenitors⁴ were twice as numerous as those, with reference to whom the Children of *Israel* were partitioned, our volatile race⁵ (for such it is) is divided into but nine tribes, or rather casts,⁶ whose respective and hereditary offices are distinctly regulated and adhered to, after the manner of the patronymick trades established in ancient Egypt.

The first description of our people which I shall notice, is a gild of ushers, heralds, or avant-couriers⁷, whose business it is to precede and introduce—some of them the grandees, and others, in truth, the rabble of our nation. Indeed the department of these latter introducers is undefined.⁸ In times of war, these may be applied to the purposes of light armed troops.

alut : their existence, like our own, depends upon a breath. For as to what we see on paper, these are but pictures.

* Viz. Quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

and employed to skirmish in front of the engagement. In preparing *articles* of capitulation, they will also be found useful.

The next class will, like the *Principes* of the Romans,* form the *substantive* strength and *principal* body of your army.⁹ Beneath such auspices as yours, their resistless strength will be *seen* and *felt* by the enemy; it will be *heard* by remote ages; and *understood* by all tacticians.¹⁰

The third cast¹¹ are a sort of substitutes for these; and so far as they may be considered in the light of a corps-de-reserve, not coming directly and in the first instance into action, might be compared to the *Pilani* of the Latian army. But I would not be understood as postponing the force of our quasi principes to these.

The fourth grand division¹² of our armed nation is subdivided into two equally valuable descriptions, the first of which is a body of indefatigable activity;—they are indeed continually in action, and cannot exist without it. As for the others, if patient endurance be an estimable quality in a soldier, these are incalculably precious, inasmuch as they are passiveness itself. I might notice, as belonging to this class, a corps of observation, which for the purpose of maintaining an armed neutrality we keep on foot.

* See in Livy, book viii. ch. 8. an interesting account of Roman Tactick.

You, who are averse to *parties*, may be reluctant to accept the services of our next body;¹³ which is, however, in some degree necessary, to attend and act as esquires to the gallant tribe that I have last mentioned.

The four following classes are descended either from our Principes, or from those alert and patient legions which I have described. Their pedigree has been satisfactorily made out, by a hero whom some call Antihermes, and others Hornetooke.¹⁴

The first of these¹⁵ perform a variety of at once subordinate and momentous duties: keeping the forces together, and preventing such chasms and openings as occurred at *Jena*: thus rendering it impossible for the enemy to break the line; cut off a part of your array;—or, in short, take your troops in flank.

The next, though of no great rank or celebrity themselves, are found useful in promoting the operations of the whole.¹⁶ These act somewhat in the way of adjutants or aides-de-camp; forming seasonable junctions between the *Alerts already mentioned*, and the substantial forces of the army; and bringing up these latter to sustain them: they also sit down before positions;—and indeed the four casts which I am now describing are always resorted to, when *brevitate opus est*,¹⁷ or there is occasion for a *coup-de-main*.

But to resume my enumeration. The third body is miscellaneous.¹⁸ Of these we form our Medical

Staff; and I am obliged to confess, that being given to exclamation, when they get amongst the wounded, they are apt to dispirit the troops by their loud and lamentable outcries.¹⁹ Other portions of this class are, on the contrary, employed with good effect, to raise an animating whoop of war, in the moment of attack; or swell the shout of triumph, in the hour of victory.²⁰ They are fit Negotiators, or *Go-be-tweens*;²¹ and confessedly good at discovering²² a surprize.

On the remaining class²³ much obloquy has been cast, and some blunders have been expended. It is considered as a sort of sediment precipitated from the other Tribes; and has, by the Genealogist already named, (on the authority of one *Servius*,) been termed "the common sink and repository of all heterogeneous and unknown corruptions."^{*} Yet are these Lees and Lazzaroni employed in important functions; frequently regulating the *quantity* of provision or ammunition which may be required; and deciding such serious points as the *time* and *place* of action.²⁴

* *Servius's* words, as given by *Horne Tooke*, are these. *Omnis pars orationis, quando desinit esse quod est, migrat in Adverbium: which being translated is, "Every part of Speech, when it ceases to be what it is, becomes an adverb. This is not the "To be or not to be" of Hamlet; but the to be AND not to be of Paddy; and if Servius had been an Irishman, would be (and yet not cease to be) a Bull.*

Having now closed my enumeration, I cannot better impress you with the value of the alliance which we offer, than by applying to all our tribes the words of one who ruled us while he lived;* and assuring your enemies, that

"As easy may they the *intrenchant* air

"With their keen swords impress, *as make us bleed.*"

I have the honour to, &c. &c.

INDIGENE WORDSALL.

* Shakspeare.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

ANTHONY ATALL;

Annotator General, and Chief Conjecturer to the Anonymous.

¹ The English Language is supposed to contain 35,000 words.

² As under Generals Dryden, Pope, &c. they have done.

³ Can the writer mean Canisters of Snuff? Of many works, it may, with reference to this pungent dust, be stated, that *Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*

⁴ The Alphabet; composed of 24 letters.

⁵ *Εἷς ἀνθρώπων.*

⁶ The nine parts (soidisans) of Speech.

⁷ Articles.

⁸ The indefinite Article.

⁹ Nouns.—The Roman Legion consisted of three descriptions of Soldiers, viz. *Hastati*, *Principes*, and *Triarii*; or *Pilani*.

¹⁰ "A Noun (says Lillie) is

“ the name of a thing, which may be *seen, felt, heard, or understood.*” ¹¹ Pronouns. ¹² Verbs; active, passive, and neuter.

¹³ Participles. ¹⁴ This lively and ingenious Etymologist derives Adverbs, Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Interjections, from Nouns and Verbs; or rather proves them to be Nouns or Verbs, abbreviated and compressed. ¹⁵ Conjunctions.

¹⁶ Prepositions. ¹⁷ See Note ¹⁴; ¹⁸ Interjections.

¹⁹ Ah! Oh! &c. &c. ²⁰ Huzza! &c. ²¹ Interjections.

²² Or *expressing*. ²³ Adverbs.

²⁴ “ Adverbs of Quantity, Time, and Place,

“ Do require a genitive case,”

Where is that, Mr. Pangloss?—In some syntax or other.

AN ARRANGEMENT.*

An old Logician had a Daughter;
The ten predicaments he taught her:
(Ere we go farther with our story,
His Pupil's name was Katé-Gory;)
On syllogisms, bread, cheese, and ale,
They made each morn their frugal meal,
In lieu of chocolate or high teas;
And dined, most part, on a Sorites.
He fear'd of Youth the boiling season;
And dosed with antidotick *Reason*.
Behold the logick course completed;
And girlishness, he thinks, defeated:

* Supplemental to those of Mr. Harris. See his Philosophical Arrangements.

Thinks to each Fop's advance she'll say no;
Firm as a syllogism of Zeno.¹—
While circumstances as I've told you were,
Miss was addressed by an old Soldier;
Grey, polish'd, weather-beaten, bald;
By valour dignified,—and maul'd:
You guess what followed,—for a wager:
You're right enough: *negatur Major*.
Lo! scarce nineteen, a dashing fellow
Told her he loved her, when half mellow:
Kate liked him better than a whiner;
And 'twas not now *negatur Minor*.
In vain her adverse father toil'd:
At his own weapons he was foil'd.
“ Oppose me not: you will repent it:
“ First *omne animal* (mind) *sentit*!
“ Then, to excite my partiality,
“ The Man, you know, 's a man of quality:²
“ His *fortune*³ very far from small;
“ His person vigorous and *tall*:⁴
“ His every *attitude*⁵ how graceful!
“ His *dress*⁶ of elegance and ease full:
“ In all *he does*,⁷ there's so much fashion,
“ Say can you wonder at my *passion*?⁸
“ One premiss lacks: but my pure flame
“ Asks of me but an Enthymeme:
“ Unlike your neighbour Euclid's Daughter;
“ Whom every Spark is dangling after!

" With whom, Fame says, each *postulatum*,
 " Is, on the very spot, a *datum*.
 " In short, dear Sir, 'tis vain to cry no :
 " The mode that I prefer's *festino* :
 " Say to your girl at once—*conceditur* ;
 " And let the youth she loves be wedded t' her."
 She said : Papa retired in much confusion ;
 And Logistilla¹¹ drew the bright conclusion.

 IRISH RHYMES.

Graceful, Ease-ful,—Ale, Meal,—Say no, Zeno.

I can assure my Readers, that I do not pronounce the above words, on the one hand, *Greeceful, Eale*, or *Sea no* ; nor on the other, *Aise-ful, Male*, or *Zano*.—But I am a Paddy, and therefore cannot (with my experience) hope to escape a sneer. If, indeed, I were a *Dryden*, or a *Pope*, I might

¹ The supposed inventor of Logick. ² Qualitas. ³ Substantia. ⁴ Quantitas. ⁵ Situs. ⁶ Habitus. ⁷ Actio.

⁸ Passio. ⁹ Alluding to the minority of her lover. But here the young lady is sophistical ; and argues as if her father wished her to marry both her suitors. ¹⁰ i. e. *Kate* : Logistilla appears to be a Patronymick. ¹¹ I fear as yet to venture on naming the *reputed* Author of these Lines. Perhaps hereafter I may grow more hardy. In the meantime I shall only say that they are ascribed, (as a juvenile composition,) to the writer of the lines upon Lord Nelson, and imitation of Waller, inserted in Numbers XVII. and XXV.

rhyme as I have done with impunity. From amongst a hundred instances, I select the following :

Ears, Hairs.—Way, Sea,—Pretence, Prince.

Late, Treat.—Great, Repeat,—Lay, Sea, &c. &c.

DRYDEN.

Take, Weak,—Feast, Taste,—Cheat, Great,

State, Great,—Heirs, Ears,—Revere, Star, &c. &c.

K.

POPE.

NUMBER XXVII.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1807.

Φωνήν τε σφύροισιν.

PINDAR.

“There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ.
“Govern with your fingers and thumb : give it breath with your
“mouth ; and it will discourse most eloquent music.”

SHAKESPEARE.*

TO THE ANONYMOUS.

The humble Petition of the Abecedarian Society.†

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners are a literary society or gild, of some antiquity ; and humbly conceive that

* Not only this motto, but the petition which it introduces, appears to have the merit of coming from *the Sound* ; every article of intelligence from which quarter, must, at a moment like the present, be peculiarly interesting.

† A Society under the title actually exists in Dublin :

they deserve sufficiently well of literature, to have their privileges guarded from diminution or encroachment.

That Memorialists are the more induced to apply to you, because they have learned, from your early Numbers, that you are a spiritual corporation; of, indeed, somewhat singular structure and formation.

That Memorialists (whose error, if mistaken, they pray may be corrected,) infer from the aforesaid Numbers, that you are a sort of literary *Lama*; now informed, for example, by the spirit of the Spectator; and in whom the said last mentioned, and several other "airy spirits" are duly vested, by the laws of preternatural inheritance.

That your Petitioners have at least no doubt of your being immortal *in your writings*; and secure of enjoying

"The life to come in ev'ry *Author's* creed."

That Memorialists have always, since their original incorporation, been employed in the manufacture of Names and Words, which they finish off in the best manner, and without delay.

That the rights of many of your Petitioners were invaded, and the splendour of the whole body thereby impaired, ages ago, by a person of the name of

from which however the present petition does not appear to come,

Tryphiodorus;* as your Namelessness may recollect to have noticed, when you were dictating the *fifty-ninth* number of the *Spectator*.

That these alphabetical trespasses have since continued; and are in full enormity at the present day.

That the enriching of some, at the expense of other members of our harmonious community, is neither *consonant* to general justice, nor even to the wishes of those literary personages who are thus preferred.

That accordingly the construction of all such names, adages, and alliterations as the following, is injurious to our Corporation; and an infringement of our chartered rights: viz. penny wise and pound foolish: driven from post to pillar: out of the frying pan into the fire: feeling has no fellow: ruin and ruthless: helm and hauberk: Peregrine Pickle, Peter Pounce, Roderic Random, Will Wimble, Abraham Adams, Ferdinand Fathom, Fopling Flutter, Martin Marall, Andrew Ague-cheek, and the like.

* "He composed an epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, "consisting of four and twenty books; having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was therefore " (as *lucus a non lucendo*) entitled Alpha. His second book "was, for a similar reason, inscribed Beta. In short this ingenious Poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their "turns; and shewed them, one after another, that he could do "his business without them." *Spectator*, No. 59.

That Petitioners have, with infinite terror and confusion, found some of these monopolies in your truly valuable work. It is unnecessary, in the way of example, to remind you of Benjamin Buckslip, Vereker Verseley, Lionel Lancaster, Charles Caloric, Matthew Mathesis, &c.

That, conceiving these monopolies to be a corporate grievance, your Petitioners humbly hope that you will relieve them in the premises.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c.

Given under the common seal of the Corporation, this 1 day of the ivth* month, in the year M.DCCC.VII.

ANSWER.

The memorial of this antient and respectable Corporation shall be attended to. Besides the authentication of the common seal, I observe it is signed by the five aldermen; and countersigned by Secretary Chriss-cross, and Pursuivant Etcetera; and, as I have already promised, its contents shall not be overlooked. At the same time I cannot dissemble my impression, that as matters stand, the thing is nearly as broad as it is long. For intance, if A (whom I admit to be head of the Corporation,) should com-

* This would be the first of April.—How appropriately the Memorialists have dated their petition! Not 1807; but M.DCCC.vii.

plain of B's monopoly of *Mr. Buckslip's* names, I would beg to throw *Anthony Atall* into the opposite scale ; which (notwithstanding the apparent levity of this latter correspondent) would, as I conceive, restore the equilibrium between these rival sounds. I am aware that in those days when A was an Apple Pye, (which I compute to have occurred at the same time when the Gods became leeks in Egypt,) he was bitten in a most unneighbourly way, by this very B ; and some soreness may have remained, in consequence of that transaction. But I submit to the candour of A, the inference to be drawn from my above collation of Messrs. Buckslip and Atall. If instead of relying upon principle, I chose to resort to legal authority, in support of the alliterations which may be met with in these essays, *Richard Roe's* case might be mentioned, as precisely in the point. To which it might be added, that from the old records his companion's name appears to have been *Daniel Doe* ; though through the inaccuracy of transcribers, the prænomen has been since corrupted into *John*. I take for granted that my readers are all acquainted with this Par Nobile, who may be described as the Pylades and Orestes of our law ; and who, to such of my *Petitioners* as are *black-letter*, must at least be known. But instead of defending myself within technical entrenchments, I can with truth declare, that it has ever been my wish to bring to a perfectly

good understanding, the naturally harmonious members of my suppliant Corporation. It was with this view that, many years ago, I invented the pastime of "I love my love with an A," &c. in order to make equal distribution amongst the individuals of the Abecedarian Guild. But all my exertions on behalf of Z, (whose necessities have reduced him to a mere Zany or Buffoon,) have hitherto proved fruitless; and unless S can be softened, in favour of his neglected brother, I must fairly confess that I do not know what can be done. Y has youth on his side; and as for X, I do not feel much compassion for him. He not only gets many a seeming lift from E; but having been once honoured with the name of Xerxes, is become illustrious for life.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

Did any one ever read a paper of *Steele's*, without observing the unsatisfactory and imperfect way in which his subject is treated by this literary sloven,—or thinking how much more might have been made of the hint? *Secondly*, is not Addison the most picturesque and agreeable of writers? But *thirdly*, what is your opinion of his criticism on Chevy Chase?

Sir, yours,

ARISTIPPUS DULCAMAR.

To the same.

SIR,

When you disclaimed all partiality to *Steele*, as a writer,* did you hold in remembrance the charming story of *Inle and Yarico*,—or the twenty-second number of the *Spectator*?

Sir, yours,

LYDIA PLAYFAIR.

Answer.

It is seldom possible to read an essay of Sir Richard Steele's, without reflecting in the way suggested by my bitter-sweet correspondent; and it has often even seemed to me, that between the materials and the fashion of his papers, there was such a disproportion, as to render it probable that the former were borrowed, and that merely the latter was his own: and in forming this conjecture, I throw out of my consideration his numerous vulgarisms of phrase, and total want of harmony or cadence. But I do not throw this out of my consideration, that frequently he does not so properly express a meaning, as blunder round about one: and, as if conscious of his own confusion and obscurity, instead of reducing the

* No. VIII.

sentences which he has been flinging round him, into something of lucid order, subjoins a clumsy explanation, ushered in with a "*what I would here contend for is,*"* &c. &c.: and, by the way, what he so contends for, is generally untenable; and frequently absurd.

Secondly, Addison is, assuredly, what my correspondent describes; and the following extracts from No. 110 of the Spectator, may be given as a specimen of his powers in the picturesque.

"At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon their tops, seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise; which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under, of being haunted. My friend the Butler desired me not to venture myself in 't after sunset."†

But thirdly, the critique on Chevy Chase is really

* See No. 75 of the Spectator.

† What follows is rather a specimen of Addison's humour.

frivolous and contemptible in the extreme; and so discreditable to the author, that

Who would not grieve, if Addison were he?

But of this fact, notwithstanding the C at bottom, I have my doubts: at least, (and independently of the puny criticism,) the style of these papers marvellously differs from that of Addison, and strangely resembles that of Steele.

Lastly, in answer to Mrs. (or Miss) Playfair,—the story of Ince and Yarico is not the offspring of Steele's imagination. He therefore is, in this case, entitled to no other praise, than that of judicious adoption. But as to No. 22, I here agree with her in giving him credit, for having produced an extremely pleasant and ingenious paper. But I would add, (in Latin, in order to deprive my fair accuser of the last word,) that *exceptio probat regulam*.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

Have you read *My Pocket Book*? and (for it is not mine,) are you acquainted with its author? If you be, will you inform him, that I was lately reminded of his pleasant work, by a passage in Dryden, which accidentally met my eye; and which I here transcribe, for his use or entertainment.

"Of such a wretched rabble who would write?

"Much less half-wits: that's more against our rules:

"For they are fops: the others are *but** fools.

"Who would not be as silly as Dunbar,—

"As dull as Monmouth,—*rather than* SIR CARR†

* From this expression it may be inferred, that Foppishness includes Folly, as one of its ingredients; and that a *Fop* is an *affected Fool*.

† Essay upon Satire.—*My Pocket Book* is the title of a pleasant ridicule of SIR JOHN CARR's *Stranger in Ireland*. This ironical criticism, which made its appearance shortly before the publication of the present essay, has since been introduced into the courts of Justice.—As for the first note, in the first page of this Number, it now seems to require explanation; (which, by the way, is an awkward situation for a would-be pleasantry to stand in;) and is best explained by stating, that the paper was written just at the time of that expedition to the Baltic, which ended in our success at Copenhagen: a period, during which every thing coming from *the Sound*, attracted a high degree of interest.

NUMBER XXVIII.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1807.

It was a party coloured dress,
Of patched and piebald languages:
For *She* could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit :
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
These she as volubly would vent,
As if her stock could ne'er be spent ;
And when with hasty noise *she* spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em. HUDIBRAS.

THE peculiarities of *Miss Owenson's* style are so considerable, that a selection from those which are to be found in her *favourite* Novel, of *The Wild Irish Girl*, may be no unacceptable present to my readers. It will enable such as wish to form themselves upon this model, to familiarize their pens by practice with the *Owensonian manner*; and may qualify others to form an estimate of that *public taste*, by which her ingenious work is highly relished and approved; whilst my lucubrations are most consistently held in sovereign contempt. After a number of head-rubbings, brain-rummages, and delibe-

rations, commensurate to that dulness, in which an Irish public has given me my degree, I have at length adopted, for the title of my selection,

GLORVINIANA.

Vol. I.

" A soothing solace, almost *concomitant** to its afflictions." p. 2.

" Rejection to an offer." p. 11.

" If you would *retribute* what you seem to lament." p. 12.

" The shores of the *Steep Atlantic*." p. 13. (So called, as it might seem, by some *Irish Bard*.)

" Excuse the *procrastination*† of our interview, till we meet in Ireland; which will not be so *immediate*,‡ as my wishes would *incline*." p. 15.

" The bed of *Procrustus*," p. 16. (Owensonicé, for Procrustes.)

" While you, in the *emporium*§ of the world, are drinking," &c. p. 19.

Notes and illustrations.

* *Ci-devant commensurate.*

† *Ci-devant postponement.*

‡ i. e. *We meet* will not be so *immediate*.

§ Qu. If Miss Owenson meant to write *Symposium*?—I doubt her being a Platonist. Be that as it may, her novel of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and heroine, *Glorvina*, were in great vogue at

"*Vibrating* between a propensity and an *adherence*." p. 21.

N. B. This appears to be an Irish Vibration. In England they are not in the habit of *at once* adhering to one thing, and vibrating between that thing and another.

"*The organization* of those *feelings*." p. 24.

Organized feelings!—Why has not man a microscopic eye, wherewith to discern their organization?

"That dreadful *Interregnum* of the heart; *Reason* and *Ambition*." p. 25.

Reader bear in mind (non meo periculo, sed Owensonis) that *Interregnum*, means a division of empire between two.

"My father suffered me, *pro tempore*, to become a guest, *mal volontaire*, in the King's Bench." p. 59 and 25.

"They borrowed their cheeriness of manner from the native *Exility* of their temperament." p. 41.

This is a cut above me. I cannot even blunder round about a (conjectural) meaning.

"The *compact* uniformity of Dublin excites our *admiration*." p. 42.

Sublime compactness! When treating of the

Notes and Illustrations.

the time of the publication of this essay. The samples of style which the *Anonymous* has given, will be found in the pages referred to, of Phillips's edition, in three volumes.

sources of sublimity, Burke forgot to notice *the compact*. I have somewhere read of a person, who on being introduced into Westminster-abbey, for the first time, declared that it was *mighty neat*.

"Dispersion is less within the coup d'œil of observance, than aggregation." p. 42.

The above remark is one of indisputable truth; and has the additional merit of not being trop recherchée.

"The natives of this country have got goal for goal with us." p. 45.

The meaning of this position is not completely within the coup d'œil of my observance.

"The penalty of Adam;

"The seasons change."*

"The desolation of its boundless bogs awakens in the mind of the pictorial† traveller all the pleasures of tasteful enjoyment." p. 53.

"The paradisial charms of English landscape." p. 53.

"The dawn flung its reserved tints on the scene, crowned with misnic forests." p. 54, 55.

Notes and Illustrations.

* Shakspeare corrigé, He wrote "*difference*."

† Q. should this be *pectoral*, or *pick-tooth*? Au reste, how singularly beautiful must this boundless and desolate morass have been!

I presume that Miss Owenson, though an Irish woman, does not mean to assert that her Aurora *diffused* the tints, which she was at the same time *reserving* for her private use. I rather conjecture that the passage will run thus, when translated into French. Dans *l'abandon* de sa pudique *retenue*, L'Aurore &cet.—As for the “misnic forests,” the tints which have been “flung” on them are so “served,” that for my life I cannot conjecture what they are. “Hence horrible shadows!” hence I say!

“As soon as my *proximity* was perceived, the “manners of my *hostages** betrayed a courtesy, amounting to adulation.” p. 60.

“The old woman addressed me *sans cérémonie*.”† Ibid.

“So many languages a man knows, so many times “is he a man, said Charles the fifth.” Ibid.

It is true we do not so express ourselves at this day. But Charles was a German; and did not, any more than Miss Owenson, speak English.

“As soon as we arrived at the little *auberge*,‡ to “which we were *sojourning*.” p. 65. “My route

Notes and Illustrations.

* *Ci-devant hosts*.

† *Glorvinicé* for *sans façon*.

‡ Not in France; as a reader might imagine: but in Ireland, —*Sojourning* is (*licentia prosaicâ*) for *journeying*.

" lay partly through a desolate bog, whose burning
 " surface gave me an idea of Arabia Deserta;"
(where there are no bogs.) " Here I threw my
 " listless length at the foot of a spreading beech;"
*(of the same species with those which flourish in the
 deserts of Arabia. *)* p. 66.

" I soon, however, raised my eyes, from the sweet
 " ode to Lydia; and beheld a poor peasant driving
 " a sorry cow. He† was a *thin, athletic* figure; ‡
 " and as he and Driminduath were going my road,
 " and the day was *young*,—*this* curious triumvir"
*(consisting of the cow, Murtoch O'Shaugnessy, and
 myself,)* " that might have put the Mount-Ida trium-
 " viri" *(composed of Juno, Venus, and Minerva,)*
 " to the blush of inferiority, set off together." p. 67,
 68, and 208.

" As for" (triumvir) " Driminduath, *she*, poor
 " *beast*, was almost an anatomy." p. 69.

Notes and Illustrations.

* And which are just as common in Irish bogs as they are
 there. It seems odd that *draining* should be the process for re-
 claiming bogs that remind Miss Owenson of Arabia Deserta.—
 Qu. would the desert be improved by draining? Cato's army
 might tell us that the deserts of Africa would not.

† Not the cow, but the man. My reader will just now find
 that this information is not superfluous.

‡ Where the landscape, undique cellatus, consists of bog and
 beech, the figures are very appropriately *thin* and *athletic*,

Accordingly, the *athleta* who drove her, and who was himself an anatomy,* “could not get nobody† to take her off his hands.” Ibid.

“I astonished this native, by making use of the “fine word alternative.”—“Anan! exclaimed he, “staring,” not like a lean cow; but a stuck pig. It is no wonder he was thin; for, in true peasantic idiom, he stated himself to be “returning home with “a full heart and an empty stomach.”—His cow was as full of sensibilities as himself. She too had “a full heart.” In this latter statement, our authoress *sibi* constat: she had early informed us that *Driminduath* was “a *sorry* cow.” p. 74.

“This account touched my very soul;—so deeply (indeed) that I presented him with some sea-biscuit. Thy national exility, said I to myself, cheers thy natural susceptibility. While I said this, he was *humming* an Irish song.” p. 76. I knew it was Irish by the hum.

“This facetiousness, of a temperament complexionally pleasant, was, however, frequently succeeded by such heart-rending accounts of poverty,” (Readers, your handkerchiefs, at heart-rending woe!)

Notes and Illustrations.

* “Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat.”

Who drives lean kine, ought therefore to be thin.

† Very Irish, this phraseology.

"as shed* involuntary tears" (mal-volontaires,) on those cheeks, which, a moment before, were distended by the exertions of a boisterous laugh." p. 79.

What an interesting triumvir! But I have done with this triumvirate, (of whom *Lepidus* is not one;) and proceed to other Amœnitates Owensonianæ.

"This *articula mortis*." p. 106. "A perpetual "state of *evagation* keeps up the flow and ebb" (keeps *down* the ebb I should suppose,) "of existence." p. 107.

"Were my powers of comprehension equal to the "philological excellencies of Goody Two-shoes or "Tom Thumb, † I would study Irish. But alas! "as Torquatto Tasso says,

"Se perchetto a me stesso quale acquisto

"Faro mai che *me piaccia*." p. 108.

"My steed, I expect, will be as famous as the "Rozinante ‡ of Don Quixote, or the Beltenebros

Notes and Illustrations.

* i. e. the accounts shed tears; borrowing the narrator's cheeks, to shed them on. This is a bold figure; and as sublime as obscurity can make it.

† Which every reader must admit they are not. From what follows, it might be inferred, that Goody Two-shoes and Tom Thumb are translations from the Irish: which, however, is not the case.

‡ Here we learn, either that Amadis had a steed of the name of Beltenebros; or had in his day possessed the thin athletic Rozinante. According to the former construction, the elision of the particle *of* has a novel and fine effect.

"l'Amadis de Gaul." p. 109. Allow me to add, or the Dapple of Sancho Panza.

"I shall *pitch* my head quarters at my father's lodge." p. 112.

How *pitch* them; this ingenious Hidalgo does not explain. But from the sequel it sufficiently appears that he had no thoughts of passing his summer under canvass.

It is about this part of her work, that our fair Authoress *improves* a well known Irish anecdote; which in its *unimproved* state, if my memory serve me, is as follows:—An Irish chieftain, who, like Mæcenas, was Regibus atavis editus, being waited on by three persons, of whom the first, O'CONOR, was, in the male line, of royal descent; the second, O'HARA, was, by the mother, of princely extraction; while the third, Mr. PONSONBY, had no Milesian honours, to recommend him,—is said to have received his visitors with the following *nuances* of distinction:—"O'Conor, you are welcome. O'Hara, I am glad to see your mother's son. Mr. Ponsonby, sit down."

This is the third triumvirate which *Beltenebrosa* has introduced; and wants a feature which serves to distinguish the former two: of which the first contains a cow, and both contain a bull.

"Mine host" (why not hostage?) "of the Atlantic," (an uncommon *sign* enough:) "with his wife, and little ones, two of whom were in a state

"of nudity, were" (doing what, gentle reader, can you guess?) "*quaffing down* boiled turbot, and "roasted potatoes!!"—Harpyiis gulæ dignæ rapacibus! p. 133, also p. 131 of vol. 2d.

"This mountain *battled* o'er the deep and was "perpendicular, and *sloping*." p. 136.—No wonder I, who have so described it, could not teach Glorvina to draw a perpendicular. Mine, her's, and the mountain's, were all sloping. I have never been, either literally or figuratively, at Athens; nor learned *curvo dignoscere rectum*, in any sense of those expressions. Quære, by the way, (not of a slope,) whether this quarrelsome mountain, or the Atlantic, was the steepest?

"The *vernal* luxuriancy of *Spring*." p. 137.

Quære, is this as beautiful as the *autumnal* mellowness of Autumn?

"By heavens! as I *breathed this*," (not atmosphere, but) "*region* of superstition, I was so infected, that I was very near—mounting my "horse, and galloping off." p. 141.—*Corollary*: that superstition is an excellent quality in a jockey.

"Fancy never gave a finer combination of images "to the vision of a dream." p. 142.

This passage reminds me of the eloquence of a certain forensic orator, who, in addressing a jury, is said to have taxed his client's adversary with "scattering desolation through the whole vicinity of the

"neighbourhood." Be this as it may, as we have had the vision of a dream, it is but fair that, *è converso*, we should have the dream of a vision. Accordingly, in p. 182 of vol. 3d. we have a dream, becoming

"The baseless fabric of a vision."

"As for father John," (being no bishop) "he was dressed in his pontificals." p. 143.

"Mr. Walker assures us that Mr. O'Neill, of Shane's castle, was very little in the habit of shaving." p. 144.

Now for Glorvina. "She floated, like an incarnation, on the gaze."

Never having chanced to meet with one of these incarnate gaze-floaters, and not knowing what they are, nor what the medium is, in which they *planent*, I am incompetent to judge of the accuracy of this resemblance. All I know is, that while she was thus floating, "the western sun's setting beams enriched her figure with its orient tints;"—and that such celestial gilding is of purely Irish manufacture. When he performed this prodigy, the sun must have been in Taurus; and in order to accomplish it, seems to have fallen up stairs. The miracle is related in pages 147 and 152; and it is not surprising that the narrator, having finished it, should exclaim "*what a picture!*" p. 153.

"I stood" (continues he) "*transfixed* to the spot."—Not that any one had laid a finger on him; or that he was pierced, or wounded, or the like: but merely that *tel fut son plaisir*. Quære, would not *trance-fixed* be a better reading? It is a good out-of-the-way word; with as many syllables as the other; and "to meaning makes some faint pretence." But let us return to Glorvina.

"Her harp symphonized her voice; and the voice "it symphonized, was the voice"—(credite posteri!) "of a woman!" p. 159. This "harp resembled "drawings of the *Davidic lyre*." p. 218. But what of that? "I am not so weak, as to be *dazzled* "by a sound." Vol. 2. p. 105.—Bravely said! and, in the language of my Authoress, "spoken like a true-born Irishman." Vol. 2. p. 281.

It was some time after this, that *Father John*, having examined my broken head, "congratulated "me on the *convalescence of my looks*." p. 176.

Whatever mine might be, old *Innismore's* face was not in a convalescent state. "A tear dimmed "the spirit of the prince's eye. We will summons "O'Gallagher, said he, *and drive away sorrow*." p. 181, 182. What courtliness of expression! He appears to be every inch a king, indeed.

"This is no hyperbola." p. 186.—Neither is this hasty, but deliberate spelling: for it recurs in vol. 2. p. 181 and 250.

"Away flew Glorvina; *speaking Irish* to the "nurse." p. 189.—Elegant, interesting, and accomplished creature! I need not tell you that she is up to all the philology of Goody Two-shoes and Tom Thumb. Indeed she has, "the *vivida vis anima* of "native genius."—Aye that she has; so she has: and besides, she is after possessing "the bright luminescence" p. 202.—You know what that "is,—Yet "Glorvina is rather a subject of philosophical analysis, than amatory discussion." vol. 2. p. 148. "Her drapery, *nebulam lineam*, seemed "light as the breeze on which it floated;* and her "effulgent countenance was *lit up with an unusual blaze*." Vol. 2. p. 162, 164.—"It is a dreadful "habit, Murtoch, said I." Vol. 1. p. 77.—I mean drinking whisky. "It is so, please your honour, replied Murtoch: but then, when we get *the drop* "within us, it is meat, drink, and clothes to us." Ibid.—I forgot to tell you, that Glorvina "has la "langua Toscana *nel* bocca Romana." In fact, she and her father are a most extraordinary pair; and put me in mind of the witches in Macbeth: for "they

"look not † like the inhabitants of the earth,

"And yet are on it." p. 204.

Notes and Illustrations.

* And probably was; or even lighter. Else how could it have floated?

† Nor indeed do they think, speak, or dress like them.

"The vista of a huge folding door, partly thrown back, beheld the form of Glorvina." p. 209.

I presume the door, (or its vista) fell back in astonishment and admiration of the beauties which it beheld.

"I stole a look at Glorvina; who, plucking" (not a rose, but) "a thistle, that sprung from a broken pediment, blew away its down. Surely she is the 'most sentient of beings!'" p. 250.—Unquestionably she must be so. Her blowing off the thistle down satisfactorily proves it. It is therefore carried in the affirmative, *nemine dissentiente*.

"Soon after, she flew away, in all the *elixity** of 'a youthful spirit.'" p. 253.—"Oh what a spirit of 'Bizarté ever drives me from common sense!'"

Surely we must admire the candour, if not the French, of the above exclamation!—with which I beg to terminate the first part of my *Glorviniana*.

C.

Notes and Illustrations.

* Whether this should be *exility*, or *exility* should be this, or which is the best word, or what either means, or *could be at*, I profess myself unable to determine. But *elixity* occurs more than once: e.g. in p. 172 and 198 of vol. 2d.—At simul *ass-is*, *miscueris elixa*, &cet. *dulcia se in bilem vertent*; &cet.

NUMBER XXIX.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3d, 1807.

“ To raise
“ Quite out *our* native language ; and instead,
“ To sow a jangling noise, of words unknown.
“ Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud.
“ Great laughter was, to see the hubbub strange ;
“ And hear the din ;—ridiculous !”

Milton : Par. lost. B. 12. L. 53.

GLORVINIANA CONTINUED.

Vol. II.

HAVE my readers ever heard of “ the *Phanician* migration hither *from Spain* ?” If not, they will find it recorded by Miss Owenson, in page 9 of her second volume. *Dux foemina facti*. The *English* reader will, I fear, pronounce that Phœnician emigrants *from Spain* must have been bound *for Ireland* ; and that

“ *Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo*”

would, for such colonists, be the most appropriate quantity of soil.

Be this as it may, Glorvina, "during our walk, "talked mostly to the faithful representative of fond "maternity:" (p. 34) viz. her nurse. "See this little blossom, said she, which they call here yellow "lady's bed-straw; and which you, as a botanist, "will better recognize as *Gallicens borum*." (Shade of Linnæus! how poor *Galium verum* is here distorted!) "But *Resida luteola* surpasses them all." p. 26.—Notwithstanding her proficiency in botany, "and all her gay exility of animation, Glorvina, I "can assure you, was all primeval innocence and "simplicity." No wonder: for "her studies were "the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau, Moustier's "Lettres à Emilie, (which she used to make the "Priest read,) Werter, Dolbreuse, Attila, and Paul "et Virginie." For my part, "I was satisfied, since "her society was denied me, to resign her to Rousseau." p. 184, 185, 193, 219.—"That *elixity* "of temperament, which is the result of woman's "organization," I however feel that I, though of the other sex, have got my share of: for "the *elixity* of "my mind would not suffer me to rest." It was probably on "account of this *elixity*, that "my dad"* "sent me "pro tempo, and mal volontaire, to the

Notes and Illustrations.

* The elegant familiarity of this expression will not escape the Reader of Taste.

"King's Bench." p. 146, 172, 198. In the true spirit of this *elixity*, "I called dancing—the poetry of motion. What a beautiful idea! said Glorvina.*" "It is so, said I;" (p. 197) for my modesty is at least equal to my wit. Glorvina is really delightful. Her manners are "the result of natural intuitive coquetry," (vol. 3, p. 150) mixed up, as I have said before, with primeval innocence, Rousseauishness, Werterism, and the Lord knows what. "She absolutely sends the soul upon a jig to Heaven." (Vol. 3. p. 87.) She does "by Heavens!"† Other persons may see, but "Glorvina feels, by intuition." (p. 234.) i. e. she is blind of her fingers; and feels by sight, as blind men see by touch. Indeed it is sufficiently plain that neither she nor Miss Owenson have any *tact*.

"But where, said the Prince, do you *sojourn* to?" (p. 115.) "A young lad, almost in a state of nudity, approached us;" who appeared to "have had the seeds of dependence sown *irradically* in his mind." p. 131. 134.—Farmers and Horticulturists, reform your practices without delay. Henceforward, sow your tulip roots; and plant your hay seed.

Notes and Illustrations.

* In fact the idea is not without its beauty.

† Corelli travelled by the same conveyance: at least the *gig* is in waiting on his tomb.

I have already introduced my Reader to Father John. He is an amazing fine fellow. "Like the *assymtotes of an hyperbola*," (p. 250) "I feel my character *energize*" beneath his hands.* (p. 264.) He used to allow me to converse with him. "Such an *immunity*† was not lost on me." p. 226—"An *immunity*" (said I) "granted by you, is too precious to be neglected." (Vol. 3. p. 4.) I however offered to let the poor Priest off; if he thought my conversation would be a bore. But he "refused the *intmunity*."‡ Vol. 3. p. 86. He talked of his own order. "The other two classes of priesthood, said he, may be divided into the sons of tradesmen, farmers, or gentlemen. Of the last class am I; said Father John." p. 136.

"I am a Gentleman; and that's enough:

"Laugh if you please:—I'll take a pinch of snuff."§

From ecclesiastical subjects, the transition was not violent, to "that elegant *spiral* lightness, which characterizes the Gothic order."|| p. 51. I do not

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* The sense is in no degree injured by this juxta-position.

† Ci-devant permission.

‡ Qu. was not the Priest wrong? and N. B. that *immunity*, (tired of signifying *permission*,) means here *exemption*.

§ Prologue, or Epilogue, I know not which: pre- or post-fixed to I know not what; and to he found I know not where.

|| From this sentence we collect that *spiral* is of high de-

know whether it was with Father John I talked about "the consecrated fountain: the vel expiatoria." But it was in company with Glorvina, that I took it into my heels to "climb an arbutus." p. 236. I would also have climbed the gooseberry, and rose bushes; but they were all too low.

Vol. III.

Num vesceris istâ—quam laudas plumâ?—said Horace, somewhat morosely, to the Roman Bon Vivant.—No; (might this latter have replied:) but its brilliancy regales my sight. Num intelligis istâ—quæ toleras scripta? might, in like manner, be demanded of the Auditor of Miss Owenson's pages;—and the answer would be no: but their empty rattle gratifies my ear. If a male, (and à multo debiliori a female) Author gives one word of sense, for every two of sound,—it is as much as any Reader ought in reason to expect from "the tasteful *"doneur;"* (p. 7.) two blanks to a prize being an uncommonly liberal and tempting Novel-Scheme. Be this however as it may, "the Priest and I," (having gone together, on a Wild-geese-chase,) "were most hospitably received by a Milesian family." What a group

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scent; and derived from *spire*: i. e. from the spire which tops a steeple.

our hostages formed! The "grandfather was, for
 "all the world, like Silenus: the father like a genie:
 "three daughters that were downright Hebes: two
 "fine young fellows; and a demure little governess,
 "—that was like—D—I fetch me if I know what."
 —p. 79.* As for mamma, she was like. "the mother of *Eurialis*," (p. 47.) so she was.

"In the drawing-room I became quite *boudoiriz-*
ed." (p. 85.) We were very droll, and pleasant.
 "A pet dove was dying in one of the Miss Hebe's
 "laps." (Ibid.)—Her ambrosia, I suppose, was
 out, "I threw myself at the feet of

"the Cynthia of the moment."† (Vol. ii. p. 234.)

"It is a *boudoirizing* hour, said I." (V. ii. p. 229.)—She made no reply. Perhaps she did not understand me. *Bou!* said her sister. It sounded like *Booh!*‡ What could she mean? or what did she take me for?

It was on this journey that "we found Sampson,
 "and his *two* heads, and his harp, three in a bed,"

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* As I have not here transcribed the very words of my fair Authoress, (as in all the other extracts I have done,) I beg to refer my Readers to p. 79 of Vol. iii; in order that they may judge whether I have given a faithful abstract of their substance.

† *Pope* corrigé. He wrote *minute*. He could not help it, poor fellow. He wanted rhyme for *in it*.

‡ See Roderick Random, ch. 54.

Was not that droll? They all got up on our coming; (Vol. iii. p. 97.) and the Minstrel "told us a "very interesting story of the Pretender and four "Fidlers;" (solus) "and of a saying of Charley's. "Charley said—is *Sylvan* there? But he meant to "say *Sullivan*." (p. 101.)—Poor man! he knew no better.—It was not Sampson that told me of "the "first Bishop of Raphoe's having converted the Ab- "bey into a *Cathedral see*." (p. 74.)

Miraculous conversion! His Right Reverence made it a *Bishopdeanerick*, as one might say.—These are curiosities, to be sure: but I doubt whether it is not "the policy of the conqueror, to destroy such *mementi** of national splendour."—p. 16.—But à-propos, "Gold is not sonorous:" as any man may know, whose memory is sufficiently tenacious to recollect the chink of a purse of guinea;—which, before the total substitution of "bleased paper credit," was sometimes heard.

But I am afraid I bore you: for "Plato compares the soul to a small republick. There is but "one building, according to Plato, in this common- "wealth. But that is a citadel; inhabited by the "reasoning and judging powers;" (which I need not inform you, though frequently *confounded*, are quite

* Nominativo, *Hic Mementus*; Genitivo, *Hujus Mementi*. Pluraliter, Nominativo, *Hi Mementi*, &cet. LINGO.

distinct;) "and five servants, called Senses. There "are no other inhabitants in this petty state." p. 122: which see. What an ingenious *alligator* this of Plato's is! But as to "my citadel, my dear "friend, it is in a d—l of a way; and all my ser- "vants drunk." Ibid.

Doubtless *you* are weary of *my* journey. So am I. I am longing for Glorvina; though I do not know why Plato should remind me of her. Oh! it's she that "knew how to *play* on my dominant passion!" (p. 8.) I told you already that it was a jig the dear creature used to *play*; and that mounted on her *light quirks*, my soul rode post to Heaven. Rough riding of course it was; by reason of the *broken and uneven** nature of the vehicle. I cannot tell you, (now I talk of Heaven;) how gratified I was, one evening, in a church-yard, to find that my charmer had as little religion as I have myself. I might have guessed as much, from her "*Bre- "viaire du Sentiment.*" But my having seen her at chapel deceived me; and Father John had never told me a syllable of the matter. (See pages 57 and 142.) If the truth were told, I am persuaded that her longings are equal to my own; and that on my

Notes and Illustrations.

- * Light quirks of Music, broken, and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven. POPE.

return, her "lightened heart will again throb with
 "the cheary pulse of national exility." (p. 264.) Nor
 shall I, in Glorvina, (whatever may be her fate,)
 "receive a *faded spark* into my bosom." (p. 250.)*

Here, gentle Readers, my prose "*Hiberniana* is
 "closed;"† (Vol. ii. p. 238.) and I shall conclude,
 when I have given a specimen of my Author's Poe-
 tic vein. I am aware that she intended to write
 simple prose; and *lispd in numbers*, merely because,
 in spite of her, *the numbers came*.

SONG.

Air, Foote's Minuet.

"Were you to hear him!
 "Were you to see him!
 "Oh! Such intelligence!
 "Ah! Such abilities!
 "Oh! What a father!
 "Ah! What a son!"—(p. 185.‡)

Da Capo.

Notes and Illustrations.

* What *faded sparks* are, is not so clear; but a pair of bellows
 will at any time procure them in *full blow*.

† This is a mere Hellenism; like *ταυτα εις*, or, as Herodotus
 has written, (Urania, ch. 138.) *εν τοις φηται αυτοματα ροδα*, &c.

‡ In this exquisite morceau, I have interpolated nothing, save
 the interjections *Oh!* and *Ah!*—It were desirable that an air
 was adapted to these words; and then, as an admiring Publick

And now gay readers, do you laugh?—*Valete!*—
Dull ones, do you puzzle?—*Plod-dite!* or go
sleep.

C.

Notes and Illustrations.

is in possession of a *Glorvina Bodkin*,¹ it would also have a *Glorvina Vaudeville*. MOORE could never accomplish what I want: for wonderfully and beautifully much as he can make of a little sense, his melodies have too much meaning, to ally themselves to nonsense. Sir John Stevenson might try his hand.

¹ An ornament for ladies dress; sold under this title, in honour of *Miss Ovenson and her Heroine!!*

P. S. The travelled Reader need not be informed that the notes of *Corelli's* celebrated *Giga* are inscribed upon his tomb.

NUMBER XXX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, 1807.

Quod petis, hic est.

HOR.

In mazes vast, ye Criticks cease to rove:

Your Author, search'd, will every doubt remove.

WHO is the Hero of the *Paradise lost*?

It being deemed derogatory from the exalted cha-

racter which an Epic Hero must support, that over-matched by his enemies, he should, by reason of this inferiority, be unsuccessful, both Dryden and Addison, examining *Adam* by the above criterion, have deposed him: the former pitching upon *Satan* as the personage best answering the requisite description; while the latter has, with far more propriety and truth, pronounced the MESSIAH to be Milton's Hero.

In my opinion however, both Criticks were mistaken.

In order then to answer the question with which we have commenced,—viz.: who is the Hero of *Paradise lost*? it seems preliminarily necessary that we should solve another; viz. by a *Hero*, what is it that we understand?

If we mean an Achilles, or even, with all his boasted piety, an Æneas, the divine subject, to which our inspired Poet* soared, would not furnish such a character. The Heroes of Homer and of Virgil were the creatures and consequences of that Sin, beyond which, under the guidance of Holy Writ, the ardent genius of the Christian Poet rose, to the remoter periods of innocence yet untainted and sincere. For the opening and early incidents of

* See Milton's invocation of the Holy Spirit, *Par. lost*, b. i. l. 17. and the note, (Todd's edition;) in which it is recorded that he looked on himself as inspired.

his Fable, Milton "passed the flaming bounds of place and time:" forming his mere catastrophe of that Fall, without which no Achilles or Æneas could have had existence.

Those therefore, whose classical, or rather foreign, palates can relish no Hero, who is not formed on a Greek or Roman model, must even concur with Dryden; and allot the Heroic character to *Satan*. Yet, in doing so, will they obtain what Dryden was in search of,—viz. a successful Hero?—Far otherwise, in my mind. One half of the glorious poem, out of which our question grows, is a picture of the defeat, punishment, and misery of this revolted Angel. His very success in seducing Man, independently of the artes lubricæ by which it was obtained, of the disgrace and vengeance which immediately attend, and the ultimate frustration and further punishment which await it, is not intrinsically, that species of success, which those Criticks look to, who require an Epic Hero to be successful. It is the success which one might claim to have, who communicated the plague: thereby not mitigating his own torments, or averting his own destruction; but merely spreading a contagion, which should involve others in his fate.

Thus, if an immediate transition may, without Anxiety, be allowed me, from the extreme of falsehood, hostility and sin, to ineffable goodness, love and

truth, those who pronounce *him* Hero, whose efforts are crowned with the most glorious success, will, in the MESSIAH, find a personage fully answering this description.

But what do *I* understand by the Hero of an Epic Poem?—That central Personage, around whom, whose actions, and whose fate, the various incidents, and, as it were, system of the Poem, all revolve.

This premised, I repeat the question;—who is Milton's Hero?—and I answer, without doubt or hesitation,—MAN.

The creature *Man*; figured by those first Parents, who were at once its origin and type; and in whose fate that of posterity was inextricably included. *Man*, whose fall (through the divine and counteracting grace) involved the incarnation and *Manhood* of GOD himself: whom thus with an awful and adventurous sublimity,* (no less pious than it was daring; and only therefore not too rash;) the Poet may be considered as having, in some degree, made his Hero.

To such as have read the first lines of this great poem with attention, it appears strange how any doubt, who was its Hero, could be raised.

By invoking the Muse to sing the *wrath* of *Achilles*; the direful spring of *woes* unnumbered to

* Milton (B. i. l. 13) gives his poem the title of "*adventurous song*."

the Greeks; and which dismissed the *souls* of many to untimely *death*, and the *Infernal Regions*;* Homer has not designated his Hero, or described his subject, with more precision, than will be found in Milton's introduction.

"Of *Man's* first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought *Death* into the *World*, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*," &cet.

Yet no cavil has been founded on the proœmium of the *Iliad*.

Who are the Heroes of the *Iliad*, and of *Paradise lost*?

Homer answers us, *Achilles*: and Milton as explicitly informs us, *Man*. It is true this latter does not require the "Heavenly Muse" "to sing" of *Man*. But if from making his *resentment* the subject of a Poem, the Grecian Bard can be pronounced to have chosen *Pelides* for his Hero, Milton, from making *human disobedience* the theme of heroic song,† may, with equal justice, be considered to have selected *Man* for *his*.

Both Poets premise, in their exordia, and enlarge on, in their works, the consequences which respectively ensued, from the *anger* of *Achilles*, and *diso-*

* See the first lines of the *Iliad*, in the original, and in Pope's translation.

† The title given by Milton himself to his *Paradise lost*.

bedience of the Man. Calamities without number, death, precipitation into Hades of the souls of men, are, in both cases, the dismal and terrible effects. But while these consequences are, in the *Iliad*, confined to the inhabitants of Greece, and to little more than the period of a month, *the world* is the vast theatre of those woes which Milton sings; and their duration is from the beginning to the *end of time*.

How dreary and cheerless is that necessitous resignation, which Homer offers to his countrymen, as a substitute for comfort!

Διὸς δ' ἐπεισέειτο βούλη.

But Milton, on the contrary, is misinterpreted by those, who represent his Hero, *Man*, as unsuccessful. The loss of Paradise he describes as a mere temporary forfeiture; and adverts to that bright sequel, by which it was to be regained.

"With loss of Eden,—TILL one greater *Man*
Restore us; and regain the blissful Seat."

In this poem, MAN, instead of being represented as unfortunate, is described as gloriously successful; completely triumphing over his foe, by the intervention of the MESSIAH; whose mysterious union, in his own person, of the divine and human natures, renders him, as *Man*, a part of Milton's subject; thus communicating transcendent dignity to the Hero, and the Work.*

* This union is, in terms, noticed by Milton, B. XII. l. 388.

Indeed, so signal has been the victory thus wonderfully obtained, that when permitted to discern this miracle, while it yet slumbered in the womb of Time,

“ Our Sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied,”

to the Archangel who had removed the film from his obstructed sight ; and who did not reprove the hesitation which his reply avowed :

“ Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned ; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring :
To God more glory ; more good will to men.”*

Indeed this doubt seemed fully warranted by the splendid picture which Michael had just drawn, of the state of things, on the second coming of the (humanly speaking) second Adam.

“ Then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise : *far happier place*
Than this of Eden ; and far happier days.”†

To assist in showing that not *Adam*, but *Man*, was Milton's Hero ; not the individual, but collective Adam ; Adam encreased and multiplied, and replenishing the earth ; the following extracts from the fifth and ninth Books may be adduced, and the more relied

* B. XII. l. 473. † B. XII. l. 463.

on, because the words are supposed to be uttered by God himself.

“ Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth
Satan, from Hell scaped through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.”*

and again,

“ The only two of mankind; *but in them*
The whole included race:” &cet.†

However slight the Scriptural foundation for much of that mighty fabrick which the English Bard hath raised, (confined, I apprehend, to three verses of the twelfth chapter of Revelations,‡) yet no Reader, well acquainted with the *Paradise Lost*, will require to be informed, that its Author, wherever Holy Writ afforded lights, most piously and scrupulously steered his course by these; sacrificing, whenever the sacrifice became necessary, all petty considerations of poetry, metre, and the like, to his reverence for the statements, sentiments, and phraseology of the Sacred Volume. Now Genesis informs us § that *Adam* was not the peculiar name of our first father; but was common to the two sexes which constituted *Man*. “ In the day that God created *Man*, male and female

* B. v. l. 226.

† B. ix. l. 415.

‡ The 7th, 8th, and 9th verses,

§ Ch. v. v. 1st. and 2d.

"created he them; and called *their name* Adam, in "the day when *they* were created." Male and individual Adam therefore could not be the Hero of the scrupulous, accurate, and learned Milton; who with the Pentateuch before him, and invoking the Muse by whom Moses had been inspired, informs us that the subject of which he means to treat, is *Man*.

I have already (I trust with due, and therefore humblest reverence) observed, that of this subject, *God*, our Saviour made a part. That the son of Mary was a *Man*, Infidelity itself will readily admit. That he was also of the substance of (no earthly, but) our Heavenly Father, Christianity proclaims; and I firmly believe. So Milton believed;* and even represents the doctrine as uttered by the Almighty.

" Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself *Man* among men on earth;
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth. *Be thou in Adam's room,*
The head of all mankind; though Adam's son.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Here shalt thou sit incarnate: here shalt reign
Both *God* and *Man*: son both of *God* and *Man*."[†]

* The Christian Reader will forgive me for adding to the list of Believers, the names (amongst many others) of *Newton*, and of *Locke*.

† B. iii. l. 282.—6, and again 303. 4. 315, 16.

Following in the paths of Scripture, our Poet indeed calls Christ the second Adam; and Mary the second Eve. Both titles, as I recollect, may be found in *Paradise Lost*. To a passage containing one, I am able to refer.

“ On whom the Angel Hail!
Bestowed; the holy salutation used
Long after to bless'd Mary,—second Eve.”*

The other appellation will certainly be found, either in the Poem which we are discussing; or in *Paradise Regained*.

To conclude: however manifest I consider it to be, that *Man* is Milton's subject; and that any difficulties which impede our discovery of his *Hero*, arise from the nature of a work, which

“ tells of deeds
Above heroic;”†

yet I willingly adduce, in confirmation of my opinion, the very weighty authority of Doctor Johnson's‡ name. That great Critick describes the work before us, as “ containing the history of a miracle: of Creation, and *Redemption*.”§

Of *Redemption*, *Man* was at once the accomplisher¶ and the object. It's accomplishment was

* B. v. l. 385.

† Par. *Regained*: b. i. l. 14:

‡ Another Christian.

§ Life of Milton.

¶ The Redeemer was perfect *Man*.

the victorious termination of that conflict, which began before the fall, between his *Enemy* and *Man*. The consequence of this victory was an extension of the joys of Paradise over all the Earth; together with such a melioration and increase of these, as should render the renovated world a "*far happier place*" than Eden.* Therefore, if success be necessary to the Heroic character, the Hero of our Poem was *eminently* successful.

A.

* "Then the Earth

Shall all be Paradise: far happier place
Than this of Eden; and far happier days.

Par. Lost, b. XII. l. 463.

It is true Man's restoration to "the blissful seat" forms the subject of Milton's supplemental Poem. But Paradise Regained merely fills up the outline, which had been already traced in the former work. It details the *means* by which the *end* was gained. But Man's Redemption (i. e. his victory over Satan) had been sufficiently commemorated in *Paradise Lost*, to entitle us to call him successful, as *there* described. The glorious success of Man is not there retorded, as an event which had occurred already; but as one which was irrevocably destined; and which, in the fulness of time, *must accordingly, and certainly, come to pass*.

P. S. Between ADDISON and me, there is no more than an apparent concurrence of opinion; if so much:—as may be seen, by a collation of his criticism with this paper. In substance, we differ altogether. The MESSIAH, whom he represents as the Hero of this great poem, is not (though the title has a seeming

reference to his earthly *mission*,) THE SON OF MAN.—He is (if I may so express it,) THE WORD, before it assumed flesh: THE WORD, as it existed *in the beginning; when it was with GOD: and was GOD*.—ADDISON selects this person of the GOD-HEAD as Milton's Hero, on the ground of his HEROIC success in his ante-mundane conflict with the Rebel Angels. I consider CHRIST as comprehended, by means of his HUMAN nature, within the Poet's *Heroick Subject*, Man. Addison's merely Divine Messiah—does but wield with surpassing heroism, and unqualified success, the omnipotent wrath and vengeance of his Father:—my Divine *and Human* Saviour, as victoriously, though with all meekness, administers, *in addition*, the equally omnipotent, and consequently all-salutary, *love* of GOD towards his creatures. Administering this on earth, for the benefit, and in the character of MAN, the *Messiah* thus, according to my theory, became a glorious and the perfect part of Milton's subject,—MAN.

NUMBER XXXI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28th, 1807.

" Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more!"

SHAKESPEARE.

I HOPE, however, that this terrible command was not uttered by my Reader, nor addressed to me. It would throw cold water on my very practicable, and innocent, if not entertaining project, of keeping myself and him asleep during the greater part of our periodical excursion. In the modest confidence therefore, that *I* do not "murder sleep," and that the above prohibition being reserved for those who do, I need not fear being roused by so alarming a *cold pig*, I proceed to enclose some more of Endymion's Common;* and to decorate and plant it with the following improving vision.

It is customary with us, when at *Oakley Park*, to take our tea and coffee in the Library: where there are two very chearful-looking fire-sides; with sofas and a table duly arranged at each. One of these

* See No. 15.

latter is appropriated to the tea-equipage; and the other covered with papers, pamphlets, loose volumes, inkstands, and all the comfortable lumber and clean confusion of a book room.

Some time ago, having finished my business at the first, and adjourned to the last mentioned table, I first opened a volume of the Spectator, at that Number, in which it is at once truly and humourously observed, that “the food often grows in one country; and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane. The dress of a woman of quality is frequently the product of an hundred climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The Scarf is sent from the torrid zone; and the Tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru; and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.”*

Having paid the tribute of an admiring smile to the pleasantry of this paper, I laid down the volume, and taking up another book which lay before me, was, in a lounging and desultory way, accompanying *Swift* through the apartments of the Academy at Lagado, when *Sir Everard* dispatching a trumpet, to inform me that he was napping, I quickly followed

* Number 69.

his example; and imagination presented the following fantastic picture to my view.

I found myself at the outskirts of a large town of singular construction; in company with Captain Gulliver, The Spectator, The Flapper, and a gentleman whom I mistook for Mr. Lancaster,* until the Captain introduced him to me as Professor *Cucumber*. Having lately returned from Laputa, he wore a small Isosceles beaver, which was the newest fashion there, and might perhaps have contributed to my mistake. The Doctor received me very affably; and proposed that I should accompany his friends and him to the Horticultural Manufactory, which had been recently established by the Academy; and put under his care.

We entered this strange garden, which lay just beyond the suburbs, between two armed figures; which the Professor told me he had raised from a couple of Dragon's† teeth, that Cadmus had omitted to extract; and which the Academy had imported direct from Bœotia; between whose Virtuosi, and the Lagadans, the most cordial intercourse had long subsisted. On getting in, we found the area enclosed by a very well-grown hedge of ordered arms; which,

* Not *Lionel Lancaster*, whose name occurs in one of my early Numbers; but *Joseph Lancaster*; Quaker, Schoolmaster, School-founder, &c. &c.

† Or Dragoon's.

as the bayonets were all fixed, formed a secure, and even formidable fence: for our Conductor assured us that it was not uncommon for them to bear ball-cartridges, the season after they were grounded. This part of the garden seemed appropriated to military purposes: for, within the hedge, there was a nursery of feather-spring pistols; of which Mr. Gulliver wishing to bespeak a case, was informed that there were orders for the entire bed, from the counties of Gallway, and Tipperary.* Beyond these was a *flourishing* plantation of Turkish Scimitars; which however were not raised without trouble and inconvenience; the under gardener having lost three of his fingers, in propagating them,—by cuttings.

Higher up was a very pretty little plot† of Sceptres; which the Academy was forcing; having orders from *Napoleon*, for as many as could be furnished early in the campaign, for the consumption of his generals. This compartment was fancifully bordered with ducal coronets, for Chefs de Brigade, &c. &c. At the upper end I observed a woman shelling grape shot, as we do beans; and two or three athletic fellows near her, digging round shot, and shells, which seemed to be grown much after the manner of our potatoes.

* From one of which, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* may be supposed to have come.

† For *plot*, any Reader who chooses, can read *plat*.

Adjacent to these drills, I remarked a small piece of waste ground; which I was informed had been an *odoratum lauri nemus*; but the greater part had been exhausted by incessant orders from Great Britain and Ireland, for the last twelve years; and what remained had withered suddenly, on the death of NELSON. However, as they were sure of a market in the British Islands, the area was to be replanted without delay;—and in the mean time, I was shown one very flourishing and vigorous tree, which I blushed for having over-looked;—especially when it was added that it belonged to *Sir Sidney Smith*. Of this my informer politely offered me a wreath; which, though aware that the *Chevalier sans peur* could never miss it, I nevertheless thought it proper to decline: feeling that in a moment and circumstances like the present, our sailors and soldiers were entitled to every sprig.

Another part of the garden had a very gay and diversified appearance. Our guide called this the *Hortus Vestiarius*; and said it was almost entirely occupied by the class and order Polyandria Polygynia. Here we saw all the clothing, which Colonels, though allowed to charge for their regiments, are *slanderosly* accused of omitting to provide. Interspersed fancifully among these, were lawn sleeves, birth-day dresses of both sexes, Peers' and Judges' robes, university

caps and gowns, &c. &c. These various suits had, each of them, a block of wood, which they clothed and fitted to a nicety. I could not pretend to say whether it was that they had grown so ; or that these supports were added, as gardeners stake peas. But whichever was the case, the blocks had an extremely natural appearance.

Between these raiments, and some *Boards* of Aldermen, (which were actually alive,) I perceived what I at first took for a crop of cauliflowers, but which, on closer inspection, turned out to be a fine collection of wigs. The gardener, (whose name was *Busby*,) was occupied in some curious attempts to produce *mules*,* between full-bottoms and three-tails ;—which, if he succeeded, would admirably suit some gentlemen of the Bar.

In the Hortus Vestiaris, indeed, many nice processes were going on. I saw one man planting fans ; which were now close ; (and indeed mere sticks ;) but were expected to expand, and be in full blow in the Summer. Another was employed in sowing bracelets, necklaces, and earrings. I thought this latter gave me a handful of *seed-pearl*, which I immediately put up. This fancy, as I presume, was connected

* I might write *hybrid* ; but it too much, in sound, resembles *high-bred* ; an epithet which, even now, would not suit *some* gentlemen of the Bar ; and which, it is to be feared, will become, every day, less and less appropriate.

with the fact of my having fallen asleep with a paper of comfits in my waistcoat pocket. Not far from the earrings was a bed of pelisses, planted at intervals, and just appearing above ground; with rows of muffs and tippets sown in drills between. These, it was expected, would soon be in, and last the Winter: and there was an edging of Ribband grass, and lace plant, for a Spring crop, next the walk.

M.

P. S. Gentle Reader, if you be yourself awake, please to take notice that *I* am not; and on the contrary, intend to continue sleeping for another Number. No noise therefore, of censure or approbation, for the present.

(Dream to be concluded in the next.)

NUMBER XXXII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1807.

DREAM CONCLUDED.

Opere in longo, fas est obrepere somnum. HOR.

Drowsy the Writer, like his Reader, grows :
Readers, I give, then let me take—repose.

I WILL not, after the example of waking Travellers, fatigue my Readers with a long account of the shawl or muslin frutex, (which latter is grafted into a stock of the cotton shrub ;) but cannot forbear mentioning, that what I had mistaken for an orchard in full bloom, turned out on my nearer approach, to be a thick plantation of the Ribband Tree ; (whose foliage is preferred to the herbaceous fillets already noticed ;) and that what I had supposed to be a gaudy collection of Hollyhocks, proved on closer inspection to be a lively brake of Cap-thorns, in full blow. On the walk beside them, lay a basket of bulbous roots ; from which one of the gardeners assured me he expected a fashionable crop of gipsy hats and bonnets, in the season. He at the same time called my atten-

tion to a bed of watches, which he was weeding; and which he said were getting on but slowly. They grew after the manner of turnips; the chain and seals appearing above ground.

As for the blooms which I have mentioned, the Professor, observing me surprised to find his garden so forward at this time, told me that to have it in such forwardness, he had expended near a thousand mouthfuls of sunshine; towards supplying which, the country was laid under cucumbers, for miles on the other side of the Metropolis. He added, that it had occurred to him to pepper some of the last beams before he poured them out; and that the experiment had succeeded completely.

It was in the feminine district of the Hortus Vestiarius, that I saw *the Novel Tree*; a few of the leaves of which I was prevailed upon to taste; but found such of them as were not insipid, extremely nauseous. There fell from these a continual drip, which as far as I could understand,* was Nonsense. The Tree evidently wanted pruning; or rather perhaps required to be cut down; since whatever fruits it bore, were of poisonous quality.

In another quarter of the ground, three trees of the same genus, but a widely different species, were pointed out to me by the Gardener already mentioned :

* Perhaps "could not understand"—would be a better form of expression.

who seemed to be an intelligent man. According to the fashion of Botanical nomenclature, one of these was called *Richardsonia*; another *Fieldingius*; and the third *Smollettius Rodericus*. The leaves of the first my informer described as of a medicinal and cloying taste; but as excellent for conserves: those of the second as sufficiently wholesome, and of a most agreeable and acid flavour: and the third as pleasantly sharp and racy, but with, occasionally, a certain coarseness and acerbity of taste; and sometimes so dirty, as to require wiping before they could be used.

In their neighbourhood was a mournful thicket of the cypress kind, which formed a most extraordinary cabinet de verdure; resembling an ancient castle, with its towers, moat, and draw-bridge. I was just about to express my disapprobation of the revival of obsolete bad taste, when the Gardener informed me, that the shrub at which I had been looking was called *Radcliffia*: that lights were observed to glimmer through its recesses in the night; and though many alleged that these were merely glow-worms, and that in fact there was nothing in it; on the contrary, others had for a long time supposed it to be haunted. I answered it, would have been better, and far more credible, that it had;* and passed on to the *Genlisia*;

* I cannot avoid thinking it would be less incredible that some of the appearances recorded in the *Mysteries of Udolpho* were

with the style of which I was greatly pleased. The variety of simply graceful shapes into which it branched, gave successive entertainment and gratification to the taste: its ramifications forming a series of what might be termed stories, each rising above the last; while its leaves possessed a delicacy, an elegance, and polish, of which it is difficult to convey a just idea; and its fruits were equally salutary and delicious. By merely overshadowing, it had killed a vigorous, but pernicious plant, that had been growing near it; which some considered as a variety of the *Atropos Belladonna*; but the best informed represented as a species of *Delphinium*.

The Trees, which I have just mentioned, formed a boundary between the *Horti Vestiarii* and *Ferculorii*, or *Mensales*; of which latter the Founder seemed particularly proud. He here shewed me what resembled a melon-frame; beneath which we saw what I conceived to be an uncommon specimen of that fruit; but which proved to be a plumb-pudding, that he had propagated from British cuttings, procured by Captain Gulliver. Under an adjoining frame there were minced pies; raised, as he assured

preternatural, than that causes merely natural should combine and complicate themselves so oddly, as, by their fortuitous conjunction, to produce phenomena of so terrific and marvellous a description. It is ludicrously provoking to have been frightened by a wax doll.

me, from some very orthodox seed, obtained from England before the Reformation. These he was very urgent with me to taste; but when I assured him that luncheon disagreed with an Irish stomach, he had the politeness to desist from his entreaties. In order to gratify him, however, I cut myself a cheese-cake, from a sort of mushroom-bed, which was adjacent. I had scarcely swallowed it, when my humble host was for pumping me a glass of cyder; which he promised I should not distinguish from Herefordshire, or Cacagee.* I thanked him for his offer: which, however, having some gout in my constitution, I thought it prudent to decline; and contented myself with plucking a small bottle of Madeira, from a very flourishing vine which was at hand; and mixing part of it in a glass of water, which he provided.

From this part of the garden we passed, by a small door, into what I took for a piggery; but which was the scene of some very curious and interesting experiments. We had scarcely entered, when the Professor turning towards me with an exulting and scientific smile, said he expected soon to have his *Hortus Sensorius* in such perfection, and to grow animals, and even joints, with so much nicety and

* A famous cider, and cider-apple, found in Ireland. But quere as to my orthography? For I only know the title of this *King Pippin*, by my ear.

case, as to entertain his Laputan Majesty at an Academy dinner, composed of fish, flesh, and all the delicacies of the season,—consisting of two complete courses and a dessert;—and of which every dish should be the produce of the garden; cooked by the warmth of a couple of cucumbers, in a kitchen of Count Rumford: who, as he farther informed me, was an honorary Doctor of schemes, in the University of Lagado; and Grandee of the first order in the Laputan Realm.

In this curious nursery, I must confess that he shewed me some Lamb-suckers, which seemed thriving: but his attempt to raise Sir Loins of Beef from cuttings, (which he admitted to be a mere improvement on the Abyssinian hint,*) was in its infancy; and no opinion could yet be hazarded, as to what might be its ultimate success.

Little now remained to be seen, but the *Horti Signatorius*, *Toreumatorius*, *Triclinensis*, and *Supellectilensis*; which, indeed, displayed a most extensive, yet very choice assortment; and to which, for richness or variety of contents, the Phusitechnicon,† in its best days, (and perhaps I might add *Rundle's*,) could scarcely be compared. Here my friend Lemuel, and

* The practice in Abyssinia, as we learn from *Peter Pindar*, and from *Bruce*, was to “kill half a cow; and turn the rest to grass.”

† A shop in Dublin, with this foolish title.

myself, supposed for a moment that we had got to Lilliput again. But what we had mistaken for a procession of its pigmy inhabitants, clothed in white, turned out to be a collection of figures for a supper table, elegantly executed (I would say *grown*) in biscuit.

Our generous Conductor (a second Aboulcassem) having requested my acceptance of a pair of candlesticks and some table ornaments, which I admired, together with a watch,* the chains and seals of which had struck my fancy,—in attempting to pluck this latter, I approached too near the hedge; and the skirt of my coat touching the trigger of a young musket, in full bearing, the explosion which ensued put my companions all to flight; and by startling awoke me. I now discovered the fallacy of Addison's position, where he asserts that "it is but opening the eye, and the scene enters."† On the contrary, in my case, as the Reader has perceived, the opening of the eye was the closing of the scene.

M.

P. S. I am determined that no saucy Criticisms which I may hear, shall break my literary rest, or prevent my repaying my gentle Readers nod for nod. Non omnibus dormio, however. I sleep for but a

* Sprung up from some seed, that had accidentally fallen here.

† Spectator, No. 411.

chosen few. As far indeed as I can learn, from my publisher *Mr. Mahon*, the Lords and Ladies of my bedchamber do not exceed a dozen.

NUMBER XXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 1807.

Renascentur, quæ jam cecidere.

HOR.

Slum'bring from Anna's through two Georges' reign,
Behold—the *Court of Honour* lives again!

DOMINO R.

WHEREAS the *Court of Honour** has fallen into decay, and it appears expedient to restore so salutary a jurisdiction, we have therefore thought fit, by and with the advice of our privy council, to revive, and accordingly by these presents do revive the same: hereby declaring, ordaining, and directing, that the said *Court of Honour* shall consist of a Chief Justice, and three brethren, honorary Justices of the same. And whereas we are of opinion that

* See Tatler, No. 250.

Judges should be gentlemen, we have appointed *the Right Honourable Isaac Bickerstaff* our Chief Justice, to succeed to the seat which his illustrious namesake and ancestor once filled; and have, in consideration of his manners, merits, and descent, raised the said *Isaac* to the dignity of the peerage, in our ideal realms, by the style and title of *Baron Lanesheer* of Punctilio*, in the county of *Nameless*.† And we have also, in consideration of the like pretensions, appointed *Edward Preux*, *Samuel Sensitive*, and *Frederick Ballance*, his brethren of the bench, and have conferred on the three last-mentioned persons the honour of knighthood; which we have likewise bestowed on *Charles Cartel* and *Francis Hairsplit*, our honorary Attorney and Solicitor General; and upon *James Slandercrush*, whom we have nominated permanent Sheriff of our Honour of Decorum. Which said *Isaac Lord Baron Lanesheer*, *Sir Edward Preux*, *Sir Samuel Sensitive*, and *Sir Frederick Ballance*, *Knights*, we have constituted and appointed to have cognizance of all matters of Honour, Feeling, Menu-Devoir, and Petite Morale; and to hear, examine, discuss and determine, all and singular Trahisons, Fame-slaugh-

* See the Tatler, passim.

† This cannot be a synonyme of *Galway*; which is a county, lying not within the dominions of the Anonymous; but within those of our Sovereign Lord King George the third.

ters, Heart-burnings, Name-pilferings, Pride-woundings, Dishonours, Ingratitudes, Contempts, Disgraces, Shunnings, Coldnesses, Unkindnesses, Cuttings, Distances, Backturnings, Underminings, Cajolings, Adulations, Flatteries, and Cabals; all Arrogance, Insults, Sarcasms, Sneers, Jeers, Derisions, Quizzings, Superciliousnesses, Nose-suspendings, Disparagements, Scoffings, Mockeries, and Affronts; all Brutalities, Rudenesses, Boisterousnesses, Overbearings, Brusqueries, Brawls, Scoldings, Incivilities, Too-civilities, and Fawnings; all Jealousies, Captiousnesses, Misgivings, Suspensions, Frettings, Peevishness, Sensibilities, Sorenesses, and Whinings; all Indelicacies, Vulgarities, Polissonneries, Poltronneries, Ill-breedings, Oppressions, Wiles, Offences, Evil-doings, and Causes whatsoever, by whomsoever done, committed, or perpetrated, or hereafter to be done, committed, or perpetrated within our literary province, as well against the peace of Society, and common law of Humanity, as against the form and effect of any Statutes, Ordinances, Provisions, or Regulations in that behalf made, for the promotion of Benevolence, and preservation of Decorum. And we hereby invest our said Justices with a civil as well as criminal jurisdiction; appointing them our Commissioners in our aforesaid province, as well within fashionable liberties as without, to hold plea of all Personalities, and redress all Suitors, who shew themselves aggrieved, by Incivilities, Breaches of

Decorum, Violation of the Minor Duties, or other malicious, ill-natured, or unbecoming conduct; doing full and speedy* justice to all parties, according to the laws of Honour, and customs of Literature. And we further authorize and empower our said Commissioners, on the Crown side, to inflict on persons legally convicted, *judicio Parium*, such punishment and disgrace as Propriety will allow, and to justice shall appertain; and from time to time, as often as need shall be, to deliver our Metropolis and Realm aforesaid, of all Offenders and Trespassers therein; hereby giving our said Commissioners jurisdiction, in all cases of the above description, which lie beyond the cognizance and animadversion of the Courts of Law. We therefore command our said Justices diligently to attend the premises, and execute these things with effect. We also command all and singular Printers, Booksellers, Writers, Readers, and other our Liege Subjects of our literary Realms, that to our said Commissioners, in the execution of the premises, they be obedient, aiding and assisting, as becometh. GIVEN at our Court at

* It was said of *Fabius* that, *cunctando restituit rem*. This is a mode of restitution, (i. e. restitution of Rights, attended with delay,) well known to the law (and equity) of these Islands. It was rumoured that, some time before he quitted Ireland, one of our Chancellors had thoughts of adopting this motto. But as the Chancery arrear did not, in his Lordship's time, exceed 400 causes, I never, for my part, gave credit to the report.

Whoknowswhere, the 19th day of December, in the first year of our Reign.

Vivat Rex.

The same timidity, with an avowal of which I introduced the "Arrangement," in No. XXVI. prevents my naming the *reputed* Author of the following JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Jack wishes for a Knight's degree ;
(For Jack, of late, is grown ambitious :)
What, think you, should his title be,
When dubb'd ?—Sir John—or Sir Reptitious ?

*Tyre and Sidon.**

Bess vows she will not cease to weep ;
But *Bess* is not to be relied on :
She never can this promise keep,
As long as *Tire* is nigh to *Sigh'd-on*.

A peck of salt, old proverbs tell,
To know your man, you needs must eat :
Be added—would you know him well,
You never ought to corn your meat.

* To the copy of these lines which is in my possession, the following Memorandum is annexed. " These quibbling lines were produced by a challenge to write an epigram on the first

Thy mind, of every talent void,
And bare, how bare! of information,
Whence is the wordy foam supplied,
That stuns and deluges the nation?

O curious paradox of Dulness!
Reverse of Denham's wish so glowing:
Not without overflowing, fulness:
But without fulness, overflowing!*

LAUS FERRI.

Militi, Agricolaë, Navitæ,
Arma, Aratra, Index magneticus;
Acies, Segetes, Commercia;
Gloria, Copia, Humanitas.†

word which, on opening a book, should meet the challenger's eye. The first word happened to be *Tyre*."

* To this copy also, the note which follows is annexed. "The same idea, nearly, may be met with in a work of Pope; which the author of these lines, when he wrote them, (in 1792) did not know; or had forgotten."

The Epigram contains a third stanza; which, though not without its merit, is objectionable on this ground, that it seems to *follow* the *point*—in which every epigram ought to *terminate*. I have therefore taken the liberty of retrenching this supplemental stanza; which however I here insert.

Proceed then, with eternal din,
Dark, empty, deafening, vain, remorseless:
Since, wond'rous! it could once begin,

Why should a torrent cease—that's sourceless?

† All who have treated the subject, seem to agree, in repre-

The preceding Encomium upon Iron may be thus translated.

Iron supplies the *Soldier* with his *Sword*; thus arming him for those *Combats*, in which he seeks for *Glory*. It affords the *Husbandman* his *plough-share*; and by means of it, those *Harvests*, which are the source of *Plenty*. Lastly, it supplies the *Mariner* with his *Compass*: enlarging the spheres of *Commerce*; and its attendant, *Civilization*.—Thus to Iron we are indebted for *Glory*, *Plenty*, and *Civilization*.

sending Commerce as a source of Civilization: and the early, great, and rapid progress, from barbarity to polish, of the Greeks, is in no small degree attributed to their inhabiting a country, favourably situated and circumstanced for commercial intercourse. See Mitford's Hist. Ch. 1. Sect. 1. pages 10 and 12. 8vo. edition of 1795.

But, besides this, many eminent Writers, and Robertson amongst the rest, appear to connect, in the way of effect and cause, the attainment of any high degree of Civilization, with the possession of Iron, the knowledge of its use, and the art of fabricating this serviceable metal; which, while Nature completes the formation of others, (less deservedly termed precious,) is never discovered in its perfect form; but must endure laborious processes, before it becomes fit for use. Hence probably the Divinity (and perhaps marriage) of the God Vulcan.

At all events however, Commerce is the admitted parent of Civility; and the tendency of the Mariner's Compass to promote commercial intercourse between distant countries, need scarcely be insisted on.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

The following Epigrams, though their language be foreign, are of Irish birth and parentage. I do not know whether this be any recommendation; nor whether, if it be not, they have any thing left to recommend them.

Sir, yours,

A. T.

NINON.

Au sujet de Ninon, soyez plus raisonnables :
Parmi les femmes, elle n'est des plus aimables ;
D'accord : mais avouons qu'elle est des—agreable.

L'Ecrivain, aussi bien que le Lecteur, donne les couplets suivans *Au Diable*.*

Vous voulez être *tout* aimable ;
Et vous n' en êtes que la moitié :
Courage pourtant ! vous parviendrez :
Deja vous voilà *detest-able* :
Mieux connue, vous serez le *Di-able* ;
Et (pour tous ceux qui l'aiment) *amiable*.

U.

* Qui, même en changeant de sexe, retient toujours son genre masculin : à témoin le *Diable amoureux* ; Mad. &c. &c.

NUMBER XXXIV.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1808.

————— Unus et alter
Assuitur pannus. Hor.

A patch-work Number, gentle Reader this is ;
Which now and then, so please you, not amiss is.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

IN a Postscript to your twelfth Number, you notice your having heard the phrase "*at all*" stigmatized as an Hibernicism ; and, in answer to this imputation, cite the following line from *Pope* :

" Most women have no characters *at all*."

In your farther justification, allow me to request your acceptance of two more authorities ; with which the same writer has supplied me.

" Fools, who from thence into the notion fall,
" That Vice or Virtue there is none—*at all*."

" Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
" You hold him no Philosopher—*at all*."

Pope would not have been disposed to adopt this mode of speech, if he had considered it as of *Patrician* origin; or imported from a country which he has (politely) named *Bœotia*.* Neither do I think that *Johnson* would have given the current stamp of his authority to a phrase, which he considered as the Native of a Country, from whose University he scorned to accept the title of Doctor of Laws.† Yet in his Dictionary we find “*at all*”—described as signifying “*in any manner*,” “*in any degree*.”

I remain, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Vindex.

To the Anonymous,

SIR,

In your paper on Puns,‡ you have omitted to notice a very quaint and venerable equivoque, preserved by *Aulus Gellius*,§ and since commemorated by *Mr.*

* *Dunciad.*

† It is well known, that when the honorary Degree of L.L.D. was conferred upon Samuel Johnson, by Dublin College, he declined assuming the title; and would not suffer himself to be styled Doctor, until the like honour had been bestowed by the University of Oxford.

‡ No. 21.

§ *Aul. Gell. XII. 6.*

Harris; whose account of it I beg to give you in his own words.

“*Aulus Gellius* has preserved a Latin Enigma, which he also calls a *Sirpus*, or *Sirpos*; a strange thing, far below the *Greek*, and debased with all the quibble of a more barbarous age.

Semel minusne, an bis minus, (non sat scio,)
An utrumque eorum, (ut quondam audiui dici,)
Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere?

This, being sifted, leaves in English the following small quantity of Meaning. *Was it ONCE MINUS, or TWICE MINUS, (I am not enough informed;) or was it not rather THE TWO TAKEN TOGETHER, (as I have heard it said formerly,) that would not give way to Jove himself, the Sovereign.*

THE TWO TAKEN TOGETHER, (that is ONCE MINUS and TWICE MINUS) make, when so taken, THRICE MINUS; and THRICE MINUS, in Latin, is TER MINUS, which, taken as a *single word*, is TERMINUS, *the God of Boundaries.*

Here the *Riddle*, or *Conceit*, appears. The Pagan Legend says, that, when in honour of *Jove*, the Capitol was founded, the other Gods consented to retire; but the God TERMINUS refused.

The Story is elegantly related in the *Fasti* of *Ovid*, III. 667.

Quid nova cum fierent Capitolia? nempe Deorum

Cuncta Jovi cessit turba, locumque dedit.

Terminus, (ut veteres memorant) conventus in æde

Restitit, et magno cum Jove templa tenet.

The moral of the fable is just and ingenious: "*that Boundaries are sacred, and never should be moved.*"*

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Hermeticus.

I do not see that *I* am precluded from contributing a patch to this chequered and particoloured Number; or why, having indulged my Correspondent, by introducing one extract from the *Philological Inquiries*, I should not gratify myself by the insertion of another. I accordingly present my Readers with an anecdote from the same work, which, if it make on them the same impression it has made on me, they will pronounce to be comic, curious, and instructive.

ANECDOTE.

"A transaction between one of the Caliph of Bagdad's Ambassadors and the Court of Constantinople, is here subjoined, in order to illustrate the then manners both of the Ambassador and the Court.

* *Harris's Philological Inquiries.*

“As this Court was a remnant of the antient Imperial one under the Cæsars, it still retained (as was natural) after its dominions were so much lessened, an attachment to that pomp, and those minute ceremonials, which, in the zenith of it's power, it had been able to enforce. 'Twas an affection for this shadow of Grandeur, when the substance was in a manner gone, that induced the Emperor *Constantine Porphyrogenitus* to write no less than a large folio book upon it's Ceremonials.

“'Twas in consequence of the same principles, that the above Ambassador, tho' coming from the Caliph, was told to make an humble obeisance, as he approached the Grecian Emperor. This the Ambassador (who had his national pride also) absolutely refusing, it was ingeniously contrived, that he should be introduced to the Emperor thro' a door so very low, as might oblige him, however unwillingly, to make the obeisance required. The Ambassador, when he arrived, no sooner saw the door, than he comprehended the contrivance, and with great readiness turned about, and entered the Room backward.”*

Readers, allow me to sew on one *pannus* more ;† and I shall leave the rest of my paper entirely open to Correspondents. The kind “Remembrancer,” whose Billet is Hermetically signed, will allow me to

* Harris's Philological Inquiries.

† *Unus et alter*—is classically within rule.

collate with his ancient Equivoque, a modern Bon Mot, which it has suggested to my mind. When some years ago, during the administration of Mr. Pitt, and about the period of the assessed taxes, rumours were afloat of a design to tax the Funds, a person in whose presence the propriety of this measure was discussed, observed that the Question was decided by Classical Authority; Horace's precept, of *quodcunque in fund is assess it*,* being in point.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

The Sixty-seventh number of *the Flapper* consists of a series of vindictory Remarks on the Epitaphs of *Pope*. In consequence of the discontinuance of that Periodical Work, these were left unfinished. But IF you will republish the part which has already furnished a Number to *the Flapper*, the sequel to the Criticism is at your service; and has never yet appeared.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Admirer, and very

Constant Reader.

ANSWER.

I am flattered by the promise which the above Note contains; and ready to comply with the terms which it has imposed.

* Sincerum nisi est vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.—HOR.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

About seventeen years ago, when the Army of France was first debauched from it's allegiance, and "proud submission, and dignified obedience"* had an end;—when the powers of Government were lodged in blasphemous, and insatiably rapacious hands; and Monks, Nuns, and all to which Religion† had given birth, were persecuted, in the names of Reason, Liberality, and Toleration;—when not only Mothers, Wives, and Daughters, but every thing sacred, became an object of violation;—when Christianity was assailed by Sacrileges, which, though they cannot be mentioned without horror, were committed without scruple; and were *unusually* innocent, when the mere object of the Impiety was Plunder;—in that awful period, (now almost forgotten, though our present Dangers, Prospects, and Consternation then arose,) I was struck with the following passage in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto; which I here transcribe, as containing a strange, though merely casual prediction.

Bisogna che proveggia il Re Luigi
Di nuovi capitani alle sue squadre;

* Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France.

† Erroneous; but still Christian; and the lately established Religion of that Country.

Che, per onor dell' aurea fiordiligi,
 Castighino le man rapaci e ladre,
 Che suore e frati, e bianchi e neri e bigi,
 Violato hanno, e sposa, e figlia, e madre;
 Gittato in terra Cristo in sacramento,
 Per togli un tabernacolo d'argento.*

I have the honour to be, Sir,
 Your humble Servant,

A.

Italicus.

NUMBER XXXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1808.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri.

HOR.

My judgment no proud Critick shall decide,
 Unless he gain my reason to his side.

ANON.

I SHALL employ this and the next paper in observing upon Johnson's Criticism on the Epitaphs of Pope; beginning, as he does, with that on Dorset. My reader should have the Criticism before him.

'DORSET, the grace of Courts, the Muse's pride,
 'Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.

* Canto XIV. St. viii.

' The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
 ' Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state.
 ' Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
 ' His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 ' Blest Satyrist! who touch'd the mean so true,
 ' As shew'd Vice had his hate and pity too.
 ' Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 ' Yet sacred keep his friendship, and his ease.
 ' Blest Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
 ' Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
 ' Where other *Buckhursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
 ' And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.'

"The first Distich," says the Critick, "contains
 "a kind of information which few would want; that
 "the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died*." But
 this is not the information which Pope has given.
 He has suggested an infinitely more important truth.
 That neither Elegance nor Learning, Liberality nor
 Taste, can exempt their possessor from the lot of
 man; but that all the towering distinctions of life
 must end in the awful level of the grave. This truth
 is known; but not regarded: not made, as it should
 be, a basis of momentous argument,—and permanent
 rule of conduct. The Poet but reminds us of what
 it is our interest to remember. He insinuates re-
 flections like those of *Hamlet*, when "tracing the
 "noble dust of *Alexander*;" or such as occur in a
 fine stanza of *Gray's Elegy*, ending with this line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

I do not indeed contend, that *Pope* has thrown this sentiment into language either striking or correct. He meant to announce that *Dorset*, the eminent and accomplished, was no more: to affect us, by a quick transition from the gay bustle of brilliant life, to the dreary stillness of the unnoticed grave. But this he expresses in a way that is ludicrously familiar: informing us (in perhaps bad grammar) not that *Dorset* is dead; but that he "*died*."—How? when? of what? Such are amongst the questions, which this tense provokes. If, on the contrary, he had stated that *Dorset*, the once boasted and admired, was *dead*,—the sense of the distich would be more accurately conveyed; and the contrast between life and death more sudden and complete.

Johnson cannot understand what is meant by "Judge of nature." It may mean a judge of what is beautiful in nature. He who can admire the tranquil beauty of a setting sun, or tumultuous grandeur of the sea, agitated by a storm,—who can adore the lustre of a virtuous act, or be struck with the sublimity of conflicting passions,—may, without impropriety, be called a judge of nature. He may estimate, though he cannot alter.* Or again by

"Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature,"

* Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is in "vain to judge, where we cannot alter." JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.

the Poet may here have meant this: he is a liberal protector of genius and the fine arts; and has that quick perception of the beautiful in nature, which is requisite towards deciding upon art: the excellence of which latter has continual reference to nature; and consists in judicious selection, and just representation. According to this construction, the first half of the line states *Dorset's* province; while the latter shews his qualification. The first does little more than praise his bounty: the latter more immediately commends his taste. The picture of an extensive bog, intersected with black drains of stagnant water, and covered with heaps of turf spread out to dry, may (if well painted) be an extremely "just representation of a thing really existing."*—But a judge of nature would condemn the artist's choice of subject; and not only instruct him *how*, but direct him *what*, to paint. Thus it may not be vain to judge; although we cannot alter.† Our judgment will enable us to prescribe what should be selected for imitation.

"Blest Courtier!"

Doctor *Johnson* doubts the propriety of commending a courtier for keeping his ease sacred. But the

* "If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature*, by the Critics, a *just representation of things really existing*, &c." *Ibid.*

† *Ibid.*

Poet does not extol *Dorset*, merely for not having sacrificed his *ease*; (which the Critick appears to confound with his *indolence*;) but for that address, which enabled him to please his king and country, without the sacrifice. As to that misapplication of the term *sacred*, on which Johnson animadverts, I would remark, that *sacred* is used to signify *inviolable: protected from intrusion*: and this, by what Rhetoricians might call a metonymy of cause for effect. Thus also in another couplet, the *sanctified* pride of *fops* in learning, may properly enough describe the entrenched presumption of such literary persons as abuse the privileges of established reputation. Besides, *Pope*—in these expressions, may have alluded to the ecclesiastical part of the community; which possessed much of the learning, and perhaps no small portion of the pride of the country.

In this distich beginning "*blest Satyrist!*" Johnson observes that there is one line, of which *Pope* was not the author: adding, "that it is the business of "critical justice, to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather." Yet he concludes without informing us which of the lines is borrowed; or from whom it has been taken.

'Blest Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
'Reflecting, &c.'

I beg not to be considered as particularly admiring these lines, though I should dissent from *Johnson*, and think the blessing ascribed to the *Peer*, to be connected with his peerage; *—if peerage has any connexion with an illustrious train of ancestry; and that *Peer* and *Nobleman* are at all synonymous.

I know not (any more than *Johnson*) whether this epitaph be worthy of the writer: but, from the exertions of any man to whom I attributed poetick talent, I should expect a better. I therefore incline to think, that the one in question owes more than it contributes, to the reputation of its author. Perhaps its merit consists in well enough suggesting the complicated eminence of *Dorset's* character: that he was distinguished in the triple capacity of author, statesman, and man of rank. It contains some good lines: but I do not, on the whole, approve of either the language or versification.

I pass to the lines on Sir *William Trumbull*.

- ' A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
- ' Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
- ' Honour unchaug'd, a principle profest,
- ' Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest.
- ' An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
- ' Just to his prince, and to his country true.
- ' Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
- ' A scorn for wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;

* "The blessing ascribed to the *Peer* has no connexion with his peerage." *JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.*

- ' A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
- ' A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:—
- ' Such this man was, who now, from earth removed,
- ' At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.'

Johnson's objection to omitting the name in epitaphs, is so far well founded, that it will be generally better to insert it. But I cannot consider the omission as "a fault, which scarcely any beauty can compensate."* The tomb, while it lasts, will probably tell the name: so will the title of the Epitaph, in the Poet's works; which has as fair a chance for enduring, as the lines to which it is prefixed.

The remark on Pope's ill-judged antithesis of

- ' An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too.'

I acquiesce in; with the praise to which it is entitled, less for the acuteness of the Criticism, than for the sentiment from which it flowed. The termination of this line is intolerably low and vulgar.

The fourth, eighth, ninth, and tenth lines are very good; but you must wait until the eleventh, to find a key, which rather clumsily opens the construction of the preceding ten.

On the *Hon. Simon Harcourt*, only son of Lord Chancellor *Harcourt*.

* JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.

' To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near :
' Here lies the friend most lov'd ; the son most dear :
' Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide ;
' Or gave his father grief, but when he died.
' How vain is reason ! eloquence how weak !
' If *Pope* must tell, what *Harcourt* cannot speak !
' Oh ! let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
' And with a father's sorrows mix his own !

This Epitaph has much beauty ; and, notwithstanding Johnson's wish that the two last lines had been omitted, it may well be contended that they are neither inelegant, nor redundant. The Poet, in the second line, states the relations under which he would consider the deceased. He then proceeds, in the third and fourth, to shew that, as son and friend, he had merited the affection of which he was the object ;—and the fourth line (by the way) is tender and affecting. In the next distich he represents the father as overwhelmed and silenced by those sorrows, the energy of which you estimate, by the strength of that reason and eloquence which they have subdued. The parent being thus disqualified for the performance of a task, which it might otherwise be his province to undertake,—the two concluding lines state the duty to have devolved upon the Poet ; whose grief is not so excessive as to be inarticulate. This couplet is addressed to the spirit of young *Harcourt* ; whom *Pope*, in a pathetic apostrophe, conjures to accept

from his friend, what his afflicted father was unable to bestow.

The name in the sixth line is, as Johnson has remarked, introduced with peculiar felicity indeed; the fourth assisting to inform you, that Harcourt was the father. Surely the identity of the entombed is thus better ascertained, than if his name had been methodically announced.* An epitaph should speak the idiom of Sorrow; which may be quaint,†—but never can be formal.

* See the passage in Johnson's Criticism, referred to in page 277.

† As an interesting specimen of the quaint language and sentiments which sorrow will adopt, see Shakspeare's Richard II. act 3d. sc. 3d. the speech beginning "What must the King do now?"—especially the latter part of it.

NUMBER XXXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th, 1808.

Corpora dant tumulo; signantque hoc carmine saxum.

OVID.

To kindred earth his body they consign;
And on his tomb inscribe the pious line.

ANON.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq. in Westminster-Abbey.

‘JACOBUS CRAGGS,

‘ REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

‘ ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

‘ PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET

‘ DELICIÆ:

‘ VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,

‘ ANNOS HEV PAVCOS, XXXV.

‘ OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.’

‘ Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
‘ In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
‘ Who broke no Promise, serv’d no private End,
‘ Who gain’d no Title, and who lost no Friend:
‘ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
‘ Prais’d, wept, and honour’d, by the Muse he lov’d.

Johnson's objection, on account of tautology, to the first couplet in this epitaph, appears to me not quite destitute of foundation. But, though no friend in general to *point*, I cannot agree in his censure on the fourth line :

“ Who gain'd no title ; and who lost no friend.”

Considering the depravity of mankind, the first part of the line may, with the aid of no extravagant hyperbole, become a commendation; and at least the insinuation contained in the latter part, that he is a gainer upon balance, who, failing to acquire a title, escapes the losing of a friend, involves a generous and pleasing sentiment. Ennobled “ by “ himself” is also good. On the whole, these lines on *Craggs* seem entitled to approbation; notwithstanding that *violence*,* for which the Critick makes allowance; and which may have contributed to introduce *Latin* into the Epitaph. Though as to this junction of *Latin* and *English* in the same inscription, I cannot see the objection to circulating, by means of a general language, the situation or character of the deceased, more extensively than could otherwise be done : nor yet to resuming the writer's native tongue,

* “ The lines on *Craggs* were not originally intended for an epitaph ; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.

for the purpose of removing all restraint from the expressions of tenderness; and communicating the praises of his friend, to the ears of his Countrymen.

I concur in *Johnson's* observations with respect to the Epitaph on *Rowe*; whose tomb is made a finger-post, to put you in the road to *Dryden's*. *Pope's* admiration for this latter is well known; whose idea having crossed him, seems to have withdrawn him from his subject.

Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Westminster-Abbey.

- ' Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair Urn we trust,
- ' And sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful Dust:
- ' Beneath a rude and nameless Stone he lies,
- ' To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring Eyes.
- ' Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless rest!
- ' Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
- ' One grateful Woman to thy Fame supplies
- ' What a whole thankless Land to his denies!

The Critick's objection to the mythological wish, of *peace to the shade* of the deceased, is just and pious.

I also join in admiring the following lines on Mrs. Corbet; and in lamenting the omission of her name.* A like omission is observable in Gray's fine Epitaph

* "Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?"—JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.

on Mrs. Clarke:* a composition not unfit to be compared with this before us.

On Mrs. Corbet.

' Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
' Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :
' No conquests she but o'er herself desired,
' No arts essay'd, but not to be admired:
' Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
' Convinc'd that virtue only is our own :
' So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
' So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
' Heaven, as its purest Gold, by tortures tried :
' The saint sustain'd it;—but the woman died.

The objection to the fourth line,

“ No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd,”

made by *Johnson's* female friend, deserves attention. To controul and concentrate the love of admiration, is meritorious: but the endeavour, not to be admired, (and one might be curious to hear what were the “ arts essay'd ” for this purpose,) is perhaps no very

* In which the following couplet

“ Her infant image here below

“ Sits smiling on a father's woe,”

and the six lines that follow, (notwithstanding some harshness of construction) are no common ones.—The harshness to which I advert, is produced by a question proposed in a subsequent couplet, beginning “ Whom what awaits ” &c. and to which the two next distichs form the answer.

natural, or amiable attempt. It, on the contrary, suggests the vanity of a woman, apprehensive that she must become the object of admiration, unless she be continually on her guard to prevent it. But on this subject, I wish for the sentiments of my fair Readers.

The third line is good: the eighth finely descriptive of that union of opposite qualities, which seems to form the excellence of female character. The last line pleases me. Nor do I consider what it contains as a conceit; but as a real distinction between the animal and moral being; arising from the peculiar situation of man, "placed" (as he is) "on the isthmus of a middle state.*"

The next Epitaph is that "on the Monument of the *Hon. Robert Digby*, and his Sister *Mary*, erected by their Father the Lord *Digby*, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727."

Go! fair example of untainted Youth,
 Of modest Wisdom, and pacifick Truth:
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in Joy sedate,
 Good without Noise, without Pretension great:
 Just of thy Word, in ev'ry Thought sincere,
 Who knew no Wish but what the World might hear;
 Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
 Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
 Go, live! for Heaven's eternal Year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy Mortal to Divine.

* Pope.

‘ And thou, blest Maid! Attendant on his Doom,
‘ Pensive hast follow’d to the silent Tomb ;
‘ Steer’d the same Course, to the same quiet Shore,
‘ Nöt parted long, and now to part no more:
‘ Go, then, where only Bliss sincere is known!
‘ Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
‘ Yet take these Tears, Mortality’s Relief;
‘ And till we share your Joy, forgive our Grief.
‘ The little Rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,
‘ ’Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

On this composition, I shall only observe, that it tells more of the sister, than merely that she died.* It not only implies that she tenderly loved her brother; and that her death followed close on his; but even seems to insinuate that she fell, in some degree, a victim to her affliction. Thus it tells enough to render her interesting, and entitle her to our pity. Neither does the picture of the brother, though not perhaps distinguished by strong characteristic lines, strike me to be so indiscriminate as the Criticism represents it. The two first couplets do not “wander in generalities;”† but, on the contrary, exhibit a defined, and almost peculiar outline;‡ and, on the

* “ This Epitaph contains, of the brother only a general indiscriminate character; and of the sister tells nothing, but that “she died.” JOHNSON’S CRITICISM.

† Ibid.

‡ Especially the fourth line.

“ Good without noise, without pretension great.”

whole, we learn from this Epitaph, at the least, to what *class* of character the deceased belonged.

On *Sir Godfrey Kneller*. In Westminster-Abbey,
1723.

‘ *KNELLER*, by Heav’n, and not a Master taught,
‘ Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures thought,
‘ Now for two Ages, having snatch’d from Fate
‘ Whate’er was beauteous, or whate’er was great,
‘ Lies crown’d with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
‘ Due to his Merit, and brave thirst of Praise.
‘ Living, great Nature fear’d he might outvie
‘ Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.’

Of this inscription, I think the first two couplets extremely good; nor can I perceive the deformity, against which Johnson remonstrates, in the third.* I learn from his Dictionary, that *to crown* means *to dignify, to recompense, to make illustrious*:† and it is plain that Princes might have *dignified* Kneller by their *honours*; and Poets *made him illustrious* by their *lays*. Holy writ represents Man as *crown-ed with honour*.‡ From the criticism on the

* “Of this Epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor; the word “*crowned*” not being applicable to the *honours*, or the *lays*; and “the fourth is not only borrowed from the Epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.” JOHNSON’S CRITICISM.

† Johnson’s Dictionary; *to crown*.

‡ “Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; and hast *crowned* him with glory, and honour.” Psalm viii. v. 5.

fourth couplet, I do not much dissent.

On General *Henry Withers*. In Westminster-Abbey,
1729.

‘ Here *WITHERS*, rest! thou bravest, gentlest Mind,
‘ Thy Country’s Friend, but more of human Kind:
‘ O born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv’d!
‘ O soft Humanity in Age below’d!
‘ For thee the hardy Vet’ran drops a Tear,
‘ And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
‘ *WITHERS*, adieu! yet not with thee remove
‘ Thy martial Spirit, or thy social Love!
‘ Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
‘ Still leave some ancient Virtue to our Age:
‘ Nor let us say, (those *English* Glories gone)
‘ The last true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.

My opinion of this Epitaph does not differ materially from Dr. Johnson’s.* But I do not think so meanly of the last four lines as he professes to do;—nor has my experience taught me that it is the mere cant of superficial satire to suppose that courtiers are in general dissembling, and insensible; and that by the majority of them, he who

“ Could love, and could hate, would be thought somewhat odd.”†

Thus an unaffected sigh, heaved, not over his own disappointments, by a courtier, may be a phenomenon that deserves recording.

* See his Criticism.

† Gray.

On *Mr. Elijah Fenton*. At Easthampstead, in
Berkshire, 1730.

‘ This modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
‘ May truly say, Here lies an honest Man :
‘ A Poet, blest beyond the Poet’s Fate,
‘ Whom Heav’n kept sacred from the Proud and Great :
‘ Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
‘ Content with Science in the Vale of Peace :
‘ Calmly he look’d on either Life, and here
‘ Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear :
‘ From Nature’s temp’rate Feast rose satisfied ;
‘ Thank’d Heav’n that he had liv’d, and that he died.”

The three first couples have great merit; and I agree with the Critick, that the two remaining are less unobjectionable. But I cannot agree with him that they “ contain nothing, but what is common to “ every man who is wise and good.”* On the contrary, the seventh and eighth lines impute to the deceased a confidence, unsuitable to the humility of a Christian; and the last couplet rather represents him as an Epicurean *conviva satur*.†

* JOHNSON’S CRITICISM.

† Horace.

NUMBER XXXVII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26th, 1808.

— *neecum finitus* —

JUV.

Thro' papers twain my critic cobweb spun,
Is (gentle reader, patience!) nearly done. ANON.

On Mr. Gay. In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

- ' Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
- ' In wit a Man, simplicity a Child,
- ' With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
- ' Form'd to delight at once, and lash the Age,
- ' Above Temptation in a low Estate,
- ' And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
- ' A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
- ' Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End;
- ' These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
- ' Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
- ' But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
- ' Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY!*

I DO not conceive that “the two parts of the first
“line are only echos of each other;” or that “*gen-
“tle manners, and mild affections, if they mean*

"any thing, must mean the same."* On the contrary, they appear to me as distinct as interior and external; cause and effect. The mild affections produce the gentle manners.

The assertion that Gay was "in wit a man," does not signify that he *had the wit of a man*;—the ordinary average of human intellect: which would indeed amount to but a *frigid commendation*.† It means, that whilst his genius had reached its full maturity, his manners and dispositions retained the naiveté, and amiable simplicity of childhood. In alleging that he was in wit a man, Pope has not implied that his understanding was barely equal to that of other men. The dimensions of his full grown intellect may have been gigantick.

In his animadversions on the third line, Doctor Johnson seems to confound *Rage* with *Fury*.‡ His

* Johnson's Criticism.—It seems strange that the Critic should doubt whether *gentle manners* 'mean any thing?' To me this expression appears perfectly intelligible. We also can understand, that the quality of *mildness* may be annexed to human affections; and so produce those dispositions, which the Poet ascribes to Gay; and which would give birth to his *gentle manners*.

† "That Gay was a *man in wit*, is a very frigid commendation. "To have the wit of a man, is not much for a Poet. The *wit of a man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast; and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral." JOHNSON'S CRITICISM."

‡ "In the next couplet, *Rage* is less properly introduced,

own Dictionary might have taught him that it also signifies *Enthusiasm: Eagerness: Vehemence of mind*.* Here it seems to mean an indignant energy in defence of virtue, perfectly compatible with the kind of gentleness attributed to Gay; and which might, with advantage, be *tempered with native humour*. I am deaf to the discord imputed to the fourth line; and as to the use of the word *lash*, I must again solicit the aid of the Lexicographer, to refute the Critick.† I find from his Dictionary, that *to lash* may signify *to scourge with satire*;‡ and he instances (without reprehension) the following line of Pope.

“ Could pension'd Boileau *lash* in honest strain ?”

“ after the mention of *mildness*. For a man so *mild* and *gentle* “ to temper his *rage*, was not difficult.” JOHNSON'S CRITICISM.”

* Johnson's Dictionary—“ *Rage* ;”—where he cites, as authority, the following couplet from Cowley ;

“ Who brought green poesy to her perfect age,

“ And made that art, which was a *rage*.”

In those lines *Rage* seems to mean little different from *rhapsody*. See also Gray's *Elegy*.

† “ The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in “ its conception : the opposition is obvious ; and the word *lash* “ used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and im- “ proper.”—Johns. Crit.—Perhaps this change in the line might content him, (if it be not presumptuous to suggest any alteration in a verse of Pope.)—

“ Form'd to correct at once, and charm the age.”

‡ Johnson's Dictionary—“ *To lash*.”

But in the above line, "*lash*" is not "used absolutely and without modification." True: for Boileau is represented as lashing *in honest strain*. But Johnson would scarcely advance this argument in favour of the line. He who is so punctiliously correct in all his figures; who cannot endure the "deformity of a broken metaphor;" and who on another occasion has so triumphantly observed, that it is difficult *to paint in sound, or sing in colours*.

The seventh line is low; but the next clearly implies that Gay was *generally* lamented: lamented by all *the worthy and* (to adopt the Poet's tautology) *the good*: and this is no common lot;—no vulgar praise.* In the criticism on the concluding thought, I must concur;† but I conceive that a reasonable allowance for poetic licence, will repel the grammatical objections to the first eight lines.‡

Before I dismiss this celebrated epitaph, let me extract another passage from Johnson's observations; and contrast it with a sentiment which he has expressed elsewhere.

"This Epitaph was probably written with an un-

* "As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*."—JOHNS. CRIT.

† "The thought in the last line is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when explained, that still fewer approve."—

Ibid.

‡ "The first eight lines have no grammar, &c.."—*Ibid.*

“common degree of attention; yet it is not more
 “successfully executed than the rest: for it will not
 “always happen that the success of a poet is pro-
 “portionate to his labour. The same observation
 “may be extended to all works of imagination;
 “*which are often influenced by causes wholly out of*
 “*the performer’s power: by hints of which he per-*
 “*ceives not the origin; by sudden elevations of*
 “*mind, which he cannot produce in himself; and*
 “*which sometimes rise, when he expects them*
 “*least.*”*

The inconsistent passage, which I would compare with the above, occurs in the life of *Gray*; and is as follows: “He,” (*Gray*) had a notion that he could
 “not write but at certain times; or at happy mo-
 “ments: *a fantastic foppery*, to which my kindness
 “for a man of learning and virtue, wishes him to
 “have been superior.”†

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON. In Westminster-Abbey.

‘ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

‘Quem Immortalem

‘Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:

‘Mortalem

‘Hoc marmor fatetur.

‘Nature, and Nature’s laws, lay hid in night:

‘God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.’

* Johnson’s Criticism.

† Johnson’s Life of *Gray*.

In this Epitaph I do not consider "the opposition of Immortalis and Mortalis as a mere sound or quibble;"* any more than I look on the following passage in Cato's soliloquy to be so :

"This in a moment brings me to an end ;

"But this informs me I shall never die."

That which Addison adverts to, is the immortality of the soul. Whether Pope means the same, or only that kind of self-survivorship, which consists in posthumous celebrity, (a life to come, on which Cicero and Horace dwell, as an incentive to laudable actions,) in either case, "the opposition" is intelligible and striking. The former was probably the Poet's meaning. He meant that the vastness of Newton's enquiries proclaimed the immortality of the mind which undertook them ;† while the tomb admitted the corruptibility of the body, which that mind had once informed. Man as flesh is mortal ; he is immortal, as a creature into whom the Deity has inspired the breath of life.

I agree, that in the verses, "the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied;"‡ but I do not consider the thought" as low, or "obvious."§ On the contrary, this comparison of the removal of intellectual darkness, by the creation of Newton's Spirit,

* Johnson's Criticism.

† Quem Immortalem testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum.

‡ Johnson's Criticism.

§ Ibid.

to the prompt and brilliant effect of the *γινεσθαι φε*;^{*} in the natural world, appears to me a sublime hyperbole; and a warrantable compliment, considering the wonderful man to whom it is applied. "Why part of the Epitaph should be Latin, and part English,"[†] I cannot say. Perhaps because Latin is a learned language; and the deceased was a learned man. I will not insist that this is a good reason; but Johnson often, and confidently, resorts to many that are worse.

On EDMUND Duke of Buckingham, who died in the 19th Year of his age.—1735.

' If modest Youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
' And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
' Could save a Parent's justest Pride from Fate,
' Or add one Patriot to a sinking state,
' This weeping Marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
' Or sadly told how many Hopes lie here!
' The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
' The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd!
' Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame,
' Attend the Shade of gentle *Buckingham*:
' In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd, and Art,
' Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
' And Chiefs or Sages, long to *Britain* giv'n,
' Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.'

* "Let there be light."

† Johnson's Criticism. I have, in considering the Epitaph on Craggs, delivered my opinion of such a junction.

This Epitaph I very much admire ; and agree with Warburton, in preferring it to the rest.* I am so far from concurring with Doctor Johnson, that " to crown with reflection is a mode of speech approaching to nonsense,"† that I even doubt whether his assertion that it is so, falls short of being altogether nonsensical itself. His Dictionary informs me that to crown, is to adorn, to finish, to perfect, to complete.‡ Thus to crown youth with reflection, is to render it perfect ; by supplying the very attribute, in which it is commonly most deficient ; and the want of which is a chief cause of its imperfection. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is not tautology ;§ and the line in which these expressions are contained, strikes me as being entitled to approbation.

" And every opening virtue blooming round."

The youth of Buckingham is suggested by his virtues being in bud : and his merit is figured by their number, and their bloom. The six following lines are, in my opinion, neither poor, nor prosaick ;* and the

* " This Epitaph, Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest."

† Johnson's Criticism.

‡ Johnson's Dictionary ; where the following passage is extracted from *South*, as an authority : The crowning privilege of friendship, is constancy." If Johnson thinks that Constancy may crown Friendship, he may submit to Youth's being crowned with Reflection.

§ " *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology." Johns. Crit.

* " The six following lines are poor and prosaick. Johns. Crit.

fourth of them, in particular, is eminently beautiful.

“ Or sadly told how many hopes lie here !”

The three couplets are also very good :* and the composition on the whole has considerable merit.

The Criticism on Pope's Epitaph on himself, appears to be founded on principles that will not apply.

- ‘ Under this marble, or under this sill,
- ‘ Or under this turf, or e'en what they will ;
- ‘ Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
- ‘ Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
- ‘ Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin,
- ‘ What they said, or may say, of the mortal within,
- ‘ But who, living and dying, serene still and free.
- ‘ Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.’

Lines which like the present, appear, on the face of them,† to be written by him whose Epitaph they affect to be,—are not in substance, although they may be in form, monumental inscriptions ; nor subject to the rules which govern that species of composition. It is true, that “ when a man is once “ buried, the question, under what he is buried, is “ easily decided.”§ But at the time when a man writes the lines, the probability is, that he has not

* “ The six last lines are the best ; but not excellent.” Ib.

† As these do, from the fourth line. “ Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head.”

‡ Johnson's Criticism.

been yet interred; and then the question under which he *may be buried*, is unanswered.

These lines import—not that the friend who might inscribe his tomb should insert *alternatives*, seeming to make that doubtful, which when the writer was in his grave could be so no longer,—but that he should state, as the case might be, that the person who lay beneath *the marble*,—or beneath *the turf*, (if the fact were so,)—was, when alive, of such principles and dispositions, as the subsequent verses proceed to describe. This composition would be a silly one indeed, if it were inscribed upon the author's tomb; or even if it appeared, that in writing it, he had this in contemplation. But evidently this was not the case.

Having now closed my examination of the criticisms of Doctor Johnson, I shall take the liberty of terminating this paper, by the insertion of an Epitaph, intended for one of my ancestors, and written by his Son.

For ever doubly sacred be the earth,
That wraps his dear remains, who gave me birth!
No rude disturbance may it ever know,
Nor near it let one bitter thistle grow!
But may the sweetest flowers that deck the ground
In lovely wildness ever bloom around!
And when at length, life's trifling drama o'er,
He who now writes and weeps, shall be no more,
O! be his Spirit with his Father's blest—
While, mingled here, their kindred ashes rest!

S.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9th, 1808.

—————*Si quid novisti rectius istis.*

Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

HON.

A candid Learner, or instructive Friend,
My doctrines or assent to, or amend.

ANON.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

I HAVE derived great pleasure from the perusal of your Paper upon *Light* ;* where you collect instances in which the Divine Presence has been manifested, by supernatural emanations of overwhelming brightness ; and the sublime† γηινοςον φως, been thus as it were repeated, for the beneficent purpose of illuminating the spiritual world. The paper would indeed be valuable, if it were only as supplying proof, that he who has undertaken to write periodically for the Public, is a Christian.—I mean a believer.—For if

* Number XL.

† See Longinus.

none can be called Christians, save those who conform their lives to the sacred doctrines of this Faith, who amongst us can aspire to the meek and glorious title?

The pious scruples which induced you to refrain, throughout your essay, from all reference to pagan story, I am more disposed to reverence than to blame. Having resorted to the sacred Records for your proofs, you doubtless were unwilling to blemish those pure sources, by the contact, or even neighbourhood, of any thing profane.

You must however be aware, that some illustrations of your hypothesis might be drawn from Heathen Fable; which, in its mythological department, is little else than a wild and extravagant corruption of sacred truths. By GOD's permission, in consequence of our fall, the Divine Irradiation has indeed been darkened by the Enemy of Man; and at once shattered and refracted, in its passage to the pagan world. But though by these means it ceased to be a steady light to enlighten the Gentiles, and made the Gospel illuminations necessary, to guide bewildered creatures to the path of life,—yet the particles, into which the holy traditionary beam has been broken amongst the Heathen, have not lost all their “original brightness.” Incrusted and obscured, by sin, error, and deceit, they yet retain some lucid traces of their heavenly source; and, like him whose

malice scattered them, look majestick, though in ruins.

The perversion has indeed been gross: nor can depravation more abominable be well conceived, than that impious idolatry into which the World had fallen, when our Saviour appeared, to restore true worship upon Earth. Indeed so lamentably profane and frivolous, at that bright æra, these pollutions were, as to be worse than the comparatively philosophic, though perniciously erroneous systems, adopted by the less credulous, because better-informed Pagans of the day. Comprehending their own darkness, these latter rationally *doubted*. Thus Cicero, as an Academic, held, that although *The probable* was within the scope of our discernment, *Certainty* was what, on earth, we never could attain:* and,—to soar from a great, to a yet greater man,—Socrates proved his wisdom, by distrusting it;—his knowledge, by discovering that he knew nothing well;—and while he consistently proclaimed that Man wanted a Divine Instructor, predicted, in “something like “ prophetic strain,” that he would have one.†

* “ Neque inter nos, et eos qui se scire arbitrantur, quidquam interest, nisi quod illi non *dubitant* quin ea *vera* sint quæ defendunt: nos *probabilia* multa habemus; quæ sequi facile, *affirmare* *et* *possumus*.”

Acad: Lucul. III. 8.

† Socrates lived about four centuries before Christ.

This remarkable prediction, uttered by the wisest of the Gen-

But, to return to the vulgar idolatry of the Ancients. The eminent endowments of a truly inspired Man were more than sufficient to qualify him for being received into the consistory of Pagan Gods. But his purity stood insurmountably in the way of his adoption; and it was necessary that his character should be dyed in sin, and his history profaned with the pomps and vanities of worldly grandeur, before he could be admitted to this degrading hypotheosis. Thus it is that we have reason for conjecturing Bacchus to be a monstrous and distorted image (seen through the Heathen medium) of one of the personages of Holy Writ: of Noah, according to the surmise of some Inquirers; but perhaps more probably of "that shepherd, who first taught the chosen
" seed."

Indeed, so despicable as well as impious were these Pagan Deifications, that, independently of the sacred motives which Scripture has assigned, we can see

the world (at least ascribed to him in one of the dialogues of his disciple Plato) forms no unimportant item in the evidences of Christianity. Nor will the strength of the proof be at all diminished, by our supposing, *first*, that when Socrates foretold that a Divine Teacher would come into the world, the prophesy was inadvertent; or, *secondly*, that the prediction was wholly uninspired; and that the light from which it flowed was merely that of Reason; discovering that there was need of a Messiah; and that he was coming. See also on this subject, The Spectator, No. 207.

reason why Paul and Barnabas should have rent their clothes, when the People would have sacrificed to them, as Jupiter and Mercury, at Lystra. Accordingly I never have included, amongst the proofs which irrefragably justify our faith, the desire of Tiberius to place our Saviour amongst those Gods, which the Empire recognized. But that an association so polluting was not permitted to occur, I do admit as evidence of the truth and undefilable purity of our religion.

It has been frequently observed that the Jews are the most cogent witnesses in support of Christian revelation; not merely by the lasting miracle of their premenaced sufferings, dispersion, and disgrace, but by their authentication of those typical and prophetic writings, which incontestibly prove our Lord to have possessed that divine character, which they refuse to recognize. Had they believed, there might be contrivance. But they as strenuously deny, as they unanswerably prove, him whom they crucified, to have been the genuine Messiah. Their testimony is more unimpeachable than mere impartiality would make it. They give it inadvertently; or they would withhold, or at least deliver it with reluctance.* In

* Their teachers feel, and most reluctantly admit, the tendency of some prophecies, to justify our recognition of the Son of Mary as their object. Thus one Rabbín, alledging, that the writings of the Prophets could all (easily) be satisfied, without

short, they prove our religion, as they slew it's founder; because "they know not what they do."

But however undeniable it is, that the Jews preserve and vouch the recorded title-deeds of our faith, and perhaps furnish the most unanswerable evidence of it's truth, it may also be alledged, without fear of contradiction, that the pagan fables strongly illustrate the veracity of Holy Writ. We discern Eden, and the state of innocence, in the golden age!—and Noah's flood is scarcely better attested by the researches of the Geologist, than by the numerous heathen traditions which point concurrently to this event. Here again, indeed, the *one* great fact is crumbled into fragments; and disguised into untruth. Polydiluviens, as they were polytheists, the pagans acknowledged almost as many deluges as gods. But the light which their errors thus obscured, and multiplied into confusion, was that of Truth.

Having thus endeavoured to shew that idolatry was a mere perversion of genuine worship, and divine truth,—I would proceed to observe, that a notion seems to have prevailed amongst the Heathen, that the presence of a Deity was denoted by a blaze of light; and that the Gods inhabited palaces of flame.

applying them to *Jesus*,—is obliged to qualify the allegation with *modo tacuisset Esaias*: Had Isaiah but been silent.

In adverting to the apotheosis of two Heroes of antiquity, Horace thus expresses himself:

Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hereules
Innixus arces attigit igneas.*

When, quitting the disguise of a Tyrian Huntress, his goddess mother is represented to have discovered herself to Æneas, the Poet tells us that *refulsit*: which may be translated, *she became refulgent*.

I might add two more authorities,† but that they seem rather appropriate to the attributes and functions of the *God of Day*, than descriptive of celestial natures and appearances in general. The passages are as follows:

————— venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus.
Angur Apollo.‡

Dixerat: at genitor circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.§

* Thus to the *flamy towers* above,
The vagrant Hero, son of Jôve,
Upsoard, &c. FRANCIS.

† From Horace and from Ovid.

‡ ————— Come then, bright God of Day:
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy bright:
Oh! veil in clouds th' insufferable light. ——— FRANCIS.

§ The tender sire was touch'd with what he said;
And flung the blaze of glories from his head;
And bid the youth advance. ——— ADDISON.

But the examples which I am about to cite, are not liable to this objection.—When the Penates, whom he had rescued,* appeared to the pious Trojan, they are stated to have been *multo MANIFESTI lumine* : † which cannot be understood to mean that the moon-beams happened to fall upon their images at the moment : for though Æneas emphatically denies that he was asleep, ‡ he yet seems to represent himself as having been in a sort of trance ; and the appearance as a vision, preternaturally coming from the Gods.

Multo manifesti lumine, Pitt translates “ *divinely bright* ;” and the Commentators explain those words to mean “ *cum nimbo suo ; qui circa deos solet videri* :” with the halo, or glory, with which Deities are wont to be surrounded. The word *manifesti* is not without its weight in favour of my hypothesis : The meaning seems to be that this was a *manifestation* ; and that the surrounding brightness proved it to be a divine apparition of the Penates.

* *Raptos ex hoste*———VIRG.

† Manifested with a great light.——ÆN. lib. iii.

‡ *Nec sopor illud erat*. Donatus’s comment on these words is as follows : *non enim pleno somno viderat, aut audierat : nam nec plene vigilabat, nec plene dormiebat*.—Agreeably to this interpretation, Dryden translates them,

“ Nor were they *dreams* ; but *visions* of the night.”

If in line 151, we consider *in somnis* as two words, (and such seems the most approved reading,)—this, collated with *nec sopor illud erat*, supports the notion of *Rêverie*.

In the midst of that consternation which overwhelmed the dwelling of Anchises, when Ilium had fallen a prey to the stratagems of the Greeks,—the present favour of Jupiter is feigned to have been denoted, by a lambent bright and *innocuous** flame, which played around the hair and temples of Iulus: and this was followed by a fiery meteor, which *de cælo lapsa, multa cum luce cucurrit*;† and which at once satisfied the old man of the divine protection.

That Divinity, whom the Gentile fables have seated on the throne of Heaven, and have described as incomparably the first and most powerful of their Gods, is represented, by their mythology, as wielding the lightnings (and attendant thunders) of the Heathen world.

“Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare.”‡

are the words of Horace;—and again, in the Ode beginning “*Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens*,” (in which it is immaterial to my purpose, whether the Author was, or was not serious,) the cause assigned for his conversion, is his having heard the thunder rolling in a cloudless sky:

* *Æn.* ii. l. 684. Compare,—(if the juxta-position be not irreverent,)—*Exodus*, ch. 3. v. 2.—“And, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.”

† *Æneid*, lib. ii. l. 693, 4.

‡ Dread Jove in thunder speaks his just domain.—FRANCIS.

————— Namque Diespiter
 Igni corusco nubila dividens
 Plerumque, per purum tonantes
 Egit equos, volucremque currum."

We have, in Virgil, a description of this formidable sceptre: the symbol of supreme and absolute celestial power.

"His informatum manibus, jam parte politâ,
 Fulmen erat; toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
 Dejicit in terras: pars imperfecta manebat.
 Træs imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
 Addiderant: rutili tres ignis et alitis austri:
 Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,
 Miscebant operi; flammisque sequacibus iras."

ÆN. VIII.*

These are the *luminous* and terrific bolts, which the same poet, in another place, represents the father of the Gods as dealing round him.

"Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
 Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
 Terra tremit: fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
 Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
 Dejicit."

GEORG. I.†

* Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey,
 Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
 Three points of rain, three forks of hail conspire;
 Three arm'd with wind, and three were barb'd with fire:
 The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays;
 Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze.

PITT.

† The father of the Gods his glory shrouds,
 Involv'd in tempests and a night of clouds;

And

And to recur to Horace, he too has armed Jupiter with this awful and flaming instrument of wrath.

“ Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
 Grædinis* misit pater, et rubente
 Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces
 Terruit urbem;
 Terruit gentes.†

The golden brilliancy of those clouds, with which Jupiter and Juno were encompassed, on Mount

And from the middle darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
 Earth feels the motion of her angry God;
 Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod,
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode.
 Deep horror seizes every human breast:
 Their pride is humbled, and their fear confest;
 While he from high his rolling thunder throws;
 And fires the mountains, &c.

DRYDEN.

* The Commentator on the expressions *imbris torti*, (in the passage which I have extracted from the eighth book of the *Æneid*) interprets them to mean *hail*. His words are these: *Accipio de grandine; secutus Servium, et vim vocis. Imbris torti Servius renders constricti et coacti in grandinem.*

† This part of the picture corresponds with the words *rutiles ignis*, in Virgil's description of the unfinished thunderbolt. Pindar styles Jupiter *φαινοσπῶν*, *rubentem fulmine*.

§ Enough of snow and hail, in tempests dire,
 Have pour'd on earth; while Heaven's eternal Sire,

With

Ida,*—the manifestation of this God to Semele, with its effects,—the fable of Prometheus (involving an assertion of the celestial origin of Flame;)—are amongst the innumerable instances which might be given from profane writers, to prove how universally the notion has obtained, that light is the emanation and effluence of a Divine nature.

The practice and mode of sacrifice—prevailing throughout the world, also favour my hypothesis of a supposed connexion between Heaven and the element of fire.† To consume the victim in the flames—was to offer it to the Deity. And, to turn from Heathen abuses, even in the language of Holy writ, such a sacrifice is described, to the Legislator of his chosen people, by the Deity himself, as, “an offering made by the fire unto the Lord.”‡

Writers, Christian, though not inspired, seem also to admit this doctrine, of the celestial and divine nature and original of *Light*.

With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd
His thunders; and alarm'd a guilty world.

FRANCIS.

* ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω

Χρύσειον.

And again, — ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλῃν ἔσαντο

καλὴν, χρυσεῖον. — II. xiv.

† It may still be called an element: a simple substance. For chemistry has not yet attained to the decomposition of fire.

‡ Exodus xxix. 18.

Thus *Gray* has said of *Milton*,

“ The secrets of th’ Abyss to spy,
He pass’d the *flaming* bounds of Place and Time.
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but *blasted with excess of light,*
Closed his eyes in endless night.”*

Again, in *Spencer’s* legend of Holiness, after the Knight of the Red Cross has been contemplating celestial visions, it is said that

————— “ *Dazed* were his eyne,
Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
His feeble sense; and too exceeding shine.
So dark are earthly things, compared to things divine.”†

That connexion, indeed, which the last quotation adverts to and implies,—is one in which, by a sort of instinct, we acquiesce;—and for example, feel the Divine influences, when we are favoured with them, to be a spiritual illumination; an enlightening of our

* This perhaps is a conceit. But if so, it is of the very best description of Conceits.

† Faery Queen. b. i. c. 10. st. 67.—“ This Divine Light” (says Burnet) “ overbears, and distinguishes itself from common light, though it be at Mid-Day. ’Twas about Noon that the light shined from Heaven, and surrounded St. Paul. (Acts xxii. 6.) Be it day or night, this Light, which flows from a more vital source, will always be predominant.”—Theory of the Earth.

Souls.* Agreeable to this notion is that pious, beautiful, and pathetic invocation, which occurs in the third book of *Paradise Lost*.

“So much the rather thou, *celestial Light*,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers,
Irradiate: there plant eyes: all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

The same divine Poet, from whom I have just cited, calls Angels “*celestial Ardours*,”† “*Sons*” and “*Progeny of Light*.”

I make no apology for adding the following extracts from the same work. They are authorities in favour of my hypothesis; and incomparably better worth perusal, than any arguments or discussions which I could offer in their room.

Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being;
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,

* “Ye, brethren,” (says St. Paul,) “are not in darkness: ye are all the children of Light; and the children of the day. “We are not of the night,” &c. 1st. Thess. ch. 5. v. 4 and 5. Our Saviour, who (as has already been remarked in Number IX.) calls himself emphatically “*the light of the world*,”—also describes the Baptist as “*a burning and a shining light*.” John. ch. 5. v. 35.

† In fact *Ardours* are but *Seraphim*; from the Hebrew *Zaraph*, to burn.

*Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst,
Throned inaccessible; but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear;
Yet dazzle Heaven: that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.*

BOOK. III.

Thee next they sang, of all creation first,*
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud,
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines;
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.

IBID.

The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless,† to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances‡ could add
Speed almost spiritual.

BOOK VIII.

* There is some peculiarity of expression here. The passage may perhaps be compared to that, in which Adam is called "the goodliest Man of Men since born."—That is to say, the Poet of course does not mean to class THE SON amongst created beings.—*Newton's* note upon this line refers to Col. i. 15. and Rev. iii. 14. As *perfect Man*, our Saviour might indeed be classed amongst created beings.

† i. e. the swiftness is numberless; or in other words, *incalculably great*;—as in a preceding line,

"Speed, to describe whose swiftness, Number fails."

‡ As Light.

————— The sedentary Earth,
 Serv'd by more noble than herself,* attains
 Her end without least motion ; and receives
 As tribute, such a samless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light :
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness, Number fails.

IND.

Having interposed, between Paganism and Holy Writ, these passages from works, of which especially the last cannot be deemed profane,—I now venture to call my reader's attention to some texts of Scripture ; where we seem to discover that original and sacred truth, from which those heathen fables to which I have adverted, at once deviated, and flowed.

“ And it came to pass, on the third day, in the morning, that there were *thunders and lightnings*,
 “ and a thick cloud upon the Mount ;—and Mount
 “ Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the
 “ LORD descended upon it *in fire* : and the
 “ smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace.” Exod. ch. xix. v. 16. and 18.

“ And they saw the God of Israel : and there was
 “ under his feet as it were a *paved work of a*
 “ *sapphire stone* ; and as it were the body of heaven
 “ *in his clearness*. And Moses went up into the

* Viz. the Sun. Adam utters this, under the erroneous notion of the Earth's being stationary.

“ mount; and a cloud covered the mount. And
 “ *the glory* of the LORD abode upon mount Sinai;
 “ and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh
 “ day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the
 “ cloud. And the sight of the glory of the LORD
 “ was like *devouring fire* on the top of the mount,
 “ in the eyes of the children of Israel.” Ibid. ch.
 xxiv. v. 10, 15, 16, & 17.

“ And immediately I was *in the spirit*: and be-
 “ hold a throne was set in Heaven; and one sat on
 “ the throne. And he that sat was to look upon
 “ *like a jasper and a sardine stone*: and there was
 “ *a rainbow* round about the throne; in sight like
 “ unto an emerald. And out of the throne pro-
 “ ceeded *lightnings, and thunders*, and voices:
 “ and there were seven lamps of *fire, burning be-*
 “ *fore the throne*; which are the seven *spirits of*
 “ *God.*” Rev. ch. iv. v. 2. 3. & 5.*

“ And the temple of God was opened in Hea-
 “ ven; and there was seen in his temple the ark of
 “ his testament: and there were lightnings and
 “ voices, and thunders, and an earthquake, and
 “ *great hail.*” Ibid ch. xi. v. 19.

“ And they shall see his face;” (i. e. the face of

* See also the Description given in *Daniel*, of the throne, on which “the Ancient of Days did sit,” (ch. vii. v. 9.)—“His throne was like the fiery flame; and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him,” &c.

GOD;)" and there shall be *no night* there; and "they need *no candle*; neither *light of the sun*:" "for the LORD GOD giveth them *light*." Ibid. ch. xxii. v. 4 & 5.

I trust my motive will excuse this collation of profane fables, with the sublime mysteries of Inspiration, and awful truths of Holy Writ. To protect this latter from impure contact, I have drawn an entrenchment, or (if I may so express it,) veil between;—and besides, discover something like a sanction for what I have done, in that part of the Sacred Records, where St. Paul has deigned to incorporate with the momentous doctrines which he was preaching, a verse of Euripides, the tragic Poet.

By this (our own*) Apostle, we are informed that "the LORD shall be *revealed* from Heaven, with "mighty Angels, in *flaming fire* ;† and shall consume the Man of Sin, with *the spirit of his mouth*; and destroy him with the *brightness* of "his coming."‡ That this "devouring fire,"§ in

* Ep. to Romans, ch. xi. v. 13.

† Second Ep. to Thess. ch. i. v. 7 & 8.—See also v. 9, where the Apostle adds, that the Disobedient "shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from *the presence of the Lord*; and from *the glory of his power*."

‡ Or approach. Same Ep. ch. ii. v. 8.

§ Exod. ch. xxiv. v. 17.

which, at the last day, "the Son of Man shall come," will be "*the glory* of his Father," we learn from the hallowed lips of Christ himself;* and may conjecture will be such, as once abode upon Mount Sinai;—from which if the Israelites had not been permitted and enjoined to keep aloof, they must have perished :† but which, when all things are accomplished, the world cannot escape ;—because in those days "the LORD will break forth upon them."‡

Indeed, when the sacred statement, that the Heavens and Earth shall flee away before the face of the LORD,§ is compared with the terrific declaration of God himself, that "there shall no man see him and live,|| does it not seem as if the end of all things

* Matth. ch. xvi. v. 27.

† Exod. ch. xix. v. 21.

‡ Ibid. v. 24.

§ This is the same catastrophe, which *St. Peter* has described as "the coming of *the day of God* ; wherein the Heavens "being on fire shall be dissolved ; and the elements shall melt "with *fervent heat* ; and the Earth also, and the works that are "therein be *burned up*."—Second Ep. Gen. ch. iii. v. 10 & 12. *Nahum*, speaking prophetically, and (as it should seem, though perhaps inadvertently,) of this consummation of all things, says, "the hills melt, and the Earth is *burnt* AT HIS PRESENCE : yea "the world, and all that dwell therein." Ch. i. v. 5.—See also *Habakkuk*. ch. iii. v. 4 & 11. "And his brightness was as the light," &c.

|| Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20.

would be but an illustration of this awful truth : and the World be consumed and perish, in the mere revelation of Divine Effulgence ?

M.

URANIUS.

 NUMBER XXXIX.

 SATURDAY, APRIL 30th, 1808.

Si quid olim lusit.

HOR.

If with the Muse he toyed, in younger days,
Why should we censure? rather let us praise.

ANON.

PART of what, in Number XVII, I observed in the case of *Mr. Croker*, I here have to repeat in that of *Baron Smith*;—and to declare that I would not notice a report, which connects the following poems with his name, but for the three reasons which I am about to give. *First*, that in acknowledging myself to have heard them ascribed to him, I am not confirming the truth of such a rumour : *secondly*, that they do not, according to my judgment, disgrace their Author ; whoever he may be : and *thirdly*,

because, though the report to which I have adverted should be true, the dates annexed to these productions (from the copies in my hands,) will shew that I am but recording the liberal amusements of his youth; and *si quid OLIM lusit*, endeavouring to preserve it. He surely need not blush to have it said, that he did not, in his spring of life, any more than the great *Lord Mansfield*, scorn to visit Aganippe, or to court the Muse.

HYMN TO HEALTH.*

Ἄ' ρατὺ μὲ δέμας* ὀρθεῖτε κἀρα.

Λαλῶμαι μέλειον σύνδισμα.

EURIPID.

Ὅ δ' ὀλβιος ὃν κὲ σὺ θυμῷ

Προφρὸν τιμῆσεις* τῷ δ' ἀφθόνα πάντα πᾶσι. HOMER.

HITHER turn thee, rosy maid!

Turn—to give the wretched aid!

Power I reckon not: wealth I spurn:

Hither, heavenly Vision, turn!

With thy vivid, vermil hue,

Tinge my faded cheek anew:

* Written at Christ Church, in 1784; Ætat. 18.—The Latin lines upon Lord Nelson, together with the English version of them, inserted in No. 17,—the translation from Waller in No. XXV, and the burlesque poem entitled "*The Arrangement*," introduced in No. XXVI, I find ascribed to the same hand.

Stay the withering griefs that soil ;
Where they trickled, plant a smile ;
And kindle thro' my sparkling eye
The beams of radiant ecstasy.

Ah ! let not Spring disclose in vain
The treasures of her orient reign !
Or flowery May-breath summon all
But me—to Nature's Festival.
Behold the whispering zephyrs rove ;
And piercing sweetness thrills the grove :
The fields their freshest verdure wear ;
And laughs around the childish year !
Then haste thee lovely Dryad, turn !
Nor leave me singly thus to mourn.

Hand in hand let's skirt the mead,
Fast by the twinkling aspen shade :
Let us thrid the dewy vale,
Where the rill glitters to the gale ;
Or the tangling grass among,
Steals its latent tricklings on.
The bordering upland climb we now,
And from its scene-commanding brow,
Beneath a shadowy group of trees,
On pillowing verdure stretch'd at ease,
Let's view the mingled prospect round ;
Flowery lawn, and fallow ground ;
Oxen, o'er the furrow'd soil,
Urging their accustom'd toil ;
Cottages, that here and there,
Speckling the social tilth, appear ;
And spires, that as from groves they rise,
Tell where the lurking hamlet lies :

Hills white with many a bleating throng,
And lakes, whose willowy banks along,
Herds or ruminates, or lave,
Immersing in the silent wave.
The sombre wood—the cheerful plain,
Green with the hope of future grain :
A tender blade, ere Autumn smile
Benignant on the farmer's toil ;
Gild the ripe fields with mellowing hand ;
And scatter plenty through the land.

On Earth should dazzling Summer brood,
Lead to some bosky solitude :
Pent in the leafy, wild retreat,
There let me press a moss-grown seat ;
Where violets droop their purple heads ;
Its fragrance the pale primrose sheds ;
And where the fresh, dew-sprinkled thorn,
Showers of roses wild adorn :
There listening to the Mantuan swain,
Warbling his simplest rural strain,
Let no rude cry mine ear invade :
No clamour start the tranquil shade :
But softly shuddering, let the breeze,
In meshes snared of rustling trees,
Shake coolness from his wings, and sound,
Cull'd from the peaceful haunts around ;
(Strains that for musing Poets made,
Steal from the world, and seek the shade ;)
Or distant city's wafted cry,
Lull'd to a murmur, ere it die.

These from without while Zephyrs glean,
Be sound as soothing caught within.

Let, from a neighbouring thicket's gloom,
Beneath the sweetbriar's tender bloom,
A gushing rill be heard to chide;
Let it run sparkling by my side:
Let thrushes pour their melody;
The bees "*their murmuring labours ply* ;
Along the tumid verdure roam,
Imbibe the honey-suckle's bloom,
And cling to every bending flower,
Whose beauties veil the golden shower.

Such strains the softened soul compose ;
Lull every mental gust that blows :
Such fairy joys fell woe beguile ;
Teach the care-clouded front to smile ;
The throes assuage of thorny pain ;
And gently,—faltering life sustain.

But thou fair *Health*, thy aid impart ;
Breathe warmth and vigour o'er my heart !
My languors charm,—my pangs allay,
And feed and fan the vital ray :
Then quick to daisied meadows bring,
And yield me to the fostering spring !
Haste lovely Dryad ! quickly turn !
And bid me—bid me—cease to mourn.

ODE ON SPRING.

TO JOHN DAWSON SHAW, ESQ.*

Le doux Printemps revient ; et ranime, à la fois,
Les Oiseaux, les Zephirs, et les fleurs, et ma voix.

DE LILLE.

LO! APRIL gems her émerald bowers :
Teems the young glebe with opening flowers ;
And lucid skies appear :
Gay verdure robes the brightening plain ;
And blossom-breathing gales again
Perfume the liquid year.

Through groaning forests heard to roar,
The whelming hurricane no more
Impels its wild career :
While clouds their gloom-born horrors lend,
And forth the stormy deluge send,
To blot the murky year.

Nature revives ! the nuptial groves
Echo the keenly warbled loves
Of all the feather'd train :
Entranc'd the rigorous winter long,
I slumber'd with the choral throng ;
With these come forth again.

What tho' unskilful—let me raise
With these the festal note of praise!
Soft inspiration hail!

* Mr. SHAW died (at one and twenty) in October, 1784.
The above poem was written in the preceding Spring.

Lark-like, my vernal fancies soar :
Throbs my glad heart : I mope no more :
Ethereal influence hail !

Yet still I pant for thee my friend ;
To thee my faithful Dawson bend ;
O ! hither quick repair !
The pleasures of the rural *May*,
The solace *Health* and *Hope* convey,
With thee permit to share !

With thee to range the purple heath,
Inhale the morning's odorous breath,
Or sweets of evening still :
From blaze of noon exenipt, to rove
Thro' freshening gloom of shadowy grove,
With glimpse of tinkling rill.

The haunts of Science to explore,
And turn with thee the volumes o'er
Of wise Antiquity ;
With thee to moralize the while,
Disinct, and early learn to smile
At human vanity.

O balmy FRIENDSHIP ! thou the tide
Of anxious life canst teach to glide,
In soft tranquillity :
To thee I owe the transient joy
That wavers in my glistening eye ;
To Spring, the Muse, and thee.

NUMBER XL.

SATURDAY, MAY 14th, 1808.

Eheu! fugaces.

HOR.

Vain fantasies! that Friendship we miscall;
How frail; how transitory are you all;

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

REFLECTING on the precarious nature of what is too commonly called *Friendship*, and the frequent and sudden dissolution of such frail connexions, I was lately led, by the train of my ideas, to form the following *Friendly Obituary*; which I am ambitious of seeing preserved amongst your literary records.

I have the honour to be,
&c. &c. &c.

POSTHUMUS.

Friendly Obituary, for March, 1808.

On the first of the month, the friendship of *Oliver Bluster* for *Rowland Roaragain* perished in a storm. It had for some time been in a very crazy

state. On the fourth, departed that of *The Lady Sophia Surface* for *Miss Sarah Sensitive*. It caught cold during the winter; and after lingering for some time, died at length of an expostulation.

Same day, of a paralysis on one side, that of *Charles Stessamor* for *Philip Frankly*. It is remarkable that the disease, though mortal, never affected the side* on which the heart lay.

On the fifth, the connexion between *Captain Fireandtow* and his brother of the whole blood, was terminated by a cholera morbus.

On the sixth, the confidence of *Thomas Trustall* in *Henry Blab* was put an end to by a Diarrhœa;—and on the evening of the same day, the intimacy between *Robert Wrangle* and *Peter Positive* was cut short by a dissent-ery.

On the seventh, expired the Regards of *Peter Peevish*; with whom something, or somebody—had disagreed: and soon after, those of his neighbour, *Samuel Querulous*, were carried off by a complaint, for which no person has yet been able to assign a cause.

On the eighth, the Regards of the amiable, but too delicate *Mr. Heartsick*. The complaint to which they fell a victim, was originally slight.

On the same day, of a cut, his relative, *Mr. Falkland*.

* Of the connexion.

On the ninth, died of the effects of a dinner, at which (not having been invited) he was not present, the Friendship of *Philip Fretful* for the Entertainer.

Same day, of a paper* of *The Anonymous*, the partiality of *Nicholas Nervous* to its supposed author.

Of an oppression, after a long and exemplary struggle, the too generous cordiality of *Edward Mildworth* to his oppressors;—and some portion of his benevolence to the world at large. The following lines may form an epitaph for the grave of his once warm affections :

—————“ *Defiance*

“ *Est toujours d'un grand Cœur la dernière Science :*

“ *On le trompe long temps.*”†

On the eleventh, of the unexpected good fortune of one whom he called his friend, the pretended Regards of *Sinister Spiteful, Esq.*

On the twelfth, the partiality of *Simon Sufferlong* for *Thomas Tradesall*.‡ It had long pined beneath

* Which, perhaps, many readers may consider as containing, if not a poisonous, at least a nauseous dose.

† Racine : Britannicus.

‡ This gentleman's characteristick letter, introductory of himself to my predecessor of literary memory, *The Flapper*, I shall beg leave to insert in my collection; for the purpose of making my readers acquainted with a personage, for the honour and advantage of whose correspondence—I also hope.

the influence of a quotidian Ego;—attended with incessant chattering,—not of the teeth—but tongue;—(in the course of which, *Mr. Tradesall* entirely lost the use of the second and third persons;)—but sunk at length under a nausea, occasioned by a surfeit of either shell or sel-fish; and great consequent inflation.

On one of the last circuits, of a *quinsey*, the Judge's toleration of a Barrister, who desires his name may be concealed. Notwithstanding the nature of the complaint, the Counsellor is said to have been sufficiently long-winded.

On the fifteenth, the confidence of *Sir Litigant Striptwell*, suitor at law, in *Frederick Fleeceall*, his attorney. Notwithstanding some *irregularities*, and *contempts*, an *attachment* was kept up for a considerable time;—when at length the client's temper was hurried off by a bill of costs. “As is usual in such cases,”* nothing remained for his family.

On the seventeenth, expired the liking between

* This is said to have been a favourite expression with the late *Earl of Clonmell*, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. A person of the name of *Jackson*, on trial for high treason, having died of poison, before the Jury had retired, the judges adjourned the court; and were followed into their chamber by the sheriff; who having asked what he should do with the prisoner?—Lord C. answered, “Do!—Sir you will do as is usual in such cases.” The sheriff considering the case to be *unique*, felt little relieved from his perplexities by this direction.

Lady Lachrymal, and her aspirant, *Sir Jovial Jolly*. The manner in which the dissolution took place is variously related : some affirming that their attachment terminated its existence by a *pleur—isy* ; while others aver that it was drowned in an enormous flood of tears. Perhaps the difference between these two accounts is not so wide as might at first appear.

Same day, *Anthony Atall's** Regards for a gross of friends—of a *pluris—y*.

On the nineteenth, the affection of *Charles Cordial* for the truly estimable *Henry Allworth*. The dissolution of their intimacy was occasioned by an imposthume, or (something like it,) an imposture,—in the ear ; which is generally attributed to a dose of hebenon, administered by *Mrs. Slandersore* ;—this lady never having forgiven *Allworth* the many wrongs which she has done him ; or patient forbearance, with which he has endured and overlooked them.†

On the twentieth, of overheating, the sentimentals of *Lydia Languish*, and *Lady Romantia Tinder-spark*.

Lately, *Mr. Scurramime*. After taking off many,—friends as well as foes,—this mercilessly facetious

* See Number II.

“ † It was said of *Archbishop Crammer*, do him an ill turn, and
“ you make him your friend for ever. Of others it may be said,
“ —do them a good one, and they will be for ever your ene-
“ mies.”—*Cowper's Letters*.

gentleman was at length *taken off* himself, by his rival, *Mr. Mockall*. He died as (in consequence of his mimickries) he had not lived,—with the good will of all. The undertaker's men found his features so fixed, in their habitual and perfect imitation of Lord N——y, that some awkward confusion might have ensued from the exactness of the *copy*;—but his lordship arriving at the moment, to shake him by the hand once more before they parted, was acknowledged, by all present, to be *an original*; and thus put an end to the mistake.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

I am surprized to find you countenance* the error, into which *The Earl of Rosse* and *General Vallancey* have both fallen. The speech from Plautus, which you and they mistake for Ibero-Celtic, is manifestly English; and not only *neat*,—but *appropriate* to the circumstances in which the speaker stands. *Hanno* has just arrived; and giving directions to his suite, with respect to the removal of his baggage, (and condescendingly taking charge of part of it himself) very naturally says,

Nyc th alonim ualon uthsi corathissima comsyth;

* See Number XIII.

or in more modern dialect,

Nick tie all on'em; hie along; tut! see: carry this I may: come set—*

The conclusion I admit to be abrupt: but the next line, which has been negligently omitted by some slovenly transcriber, completes the sense; and is to the following effect:

Ophythotam inutestai yoneiam alinagh urri;

or,

Off without a minute's stay: you know I am all in a hurry.

As for the succeeding line,

Chim lach chunyth mumys tyal mychthibarri imischi,

it is so adulterated, that I can make nothing of it. The two last syllables have probably, from their resemblance to *whiskey*, given occasion to General Vallancey's extravagant surmise that the speech is Irish. But on the contrary, from the fifth word, we may cautiously enough conjecture, that if the corruptions were removed, we should still find Hanno reiterating his directions to his own man, Nick, to *tie all* the luggage on some carriage, ass, mule, or other conveyance of the like description.

To a person of your learning, (notwithstanding the error into which you have been betrayed,) it

* *Johnson*, in his Dictionary, gives this interjection; warped originally from *tush*; and sometimes farther corrupted into *hut*, or *uth*.

would be superfluous to observe—that it is not extraordinary, if the English, who are natives of the Cassiterides, should be found using the same language, which was spoken by Hanno—above two thousand years ago. The intercourse between the Phœnicians and ancient Britons—is not denied; and is the true origin of that Cornish courtesy and polish, which are so remarkable at the present day.

I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

EDWARD ETYMON.

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

Conjecturing that such literary hints as you may think deserving of attention—will obtain the honour of being admitted into your ingenious paper,—I take the liberty of asking whether “*The Task*” of COWPER might not, with more propriety, be called “*The Maze?*”—This latter would be a title, not derived from an extrinsic accident, which requires an explanation; (viz. that this poem was a Task, imposed by *Lady Austen*;) but drawn from the intrinsic nature and character of the work itself.—Do I mean to disparage this?—Far—very far indeed—am I from any such intention. I look on it as

"A mighty MAZE; and not without a plan."^{*}

It is an admirable labyrinth,—which it required the superiour genius of Cowper to construct; and his poetical powers, to carry his readers through—with supreme delight. Its meritorious plan is stated by its amiable author, in a letter to *The Reverend William Unwin*.† In another letter,‡ he makes excuses for the title which it bears;—and in most properly rejecting such a ludicrous and disparaging appellation as "*The Olio*," perhaps indirectly supplies an argument in favour of that, which I propose to substitute,—viz. *The Maze*.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your

C.

CONSTANT READER.

* Pope.

† 73d. Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 254.

‡ To the Rev. John Newton; letter 80. Ibid. vol. ii. p. 279.

NUMBER XLI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25th, 1808.

repetita placebit.

HOR.

My* verse, indulgent reader, seem'd to hit
Your fancy. Should you like another bit?

FROM the reception with which my metrical Number† has been honoured, I am encouraged to bring four more *fugitives* before the public. Though *not bound*,‡ they yet are suppliants for the reader's favour; and are said to be the offspring of that muse, who has already§ contributed to his entertainment.

* I claim a *special* property in whatsoever is received into this collection; and am willing to consider myself as a sort of *carrier*, who conveys the literature of the day, in his periodical vehicle, to posterity.

† XXXIX.

‡ Not when this paper, *pas encore relié*, appeared.

§ In Number XXXIX.

ORIGIN OF THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.*

From ardent *Pan*, while coy *Ladonia* flew,
Tangling in Earth, to reeds the Trembler grew :
Reft of the prize which scarce his fleetness gain'd,
Rooted alike to Earth the God remain'd :
When hark ! a sigh, and then a melting strain
Rose on the breeze ; and faltering, died again.
Say was it zephyr, from the mazy reeds
That thus, escaping with a sigh, proceeds ?
Or the quell'd sobbings of the ill-fated Maid,
Dispers'd in murmurs thro' the breathing shade ?—
On his astonish'd ear the sweetness stole ;
(O power of melody !) and thrill'd his soul.
Down his rough cheek the streaming sorrows shower'd ;
And late Remorse his inward peace devour'd :
“ Lost, injured Fair,” he cried, the Assassin hears
“ Thy fond complaint ; and bathes it in his tears :
“ Yet with that moan, on gales unfeeling borne,
“ Will soothe the lot he cannot cease to mourn.—
“ The doating subtilty, sweet maid, forgive,
“ That bids at least thy precious strains to live :
“ The tender cruelty, that seeks to save
“ Thy lasting sorrows from thy timelesst grave.
“ In vain th' inclement grasp of monstrous Death
“ Arrests the harmonious current of thy breath :
“ For ever shall endure thy voice, and name,
“ Immortal—as of *Echo*, or of *Fame*.

* The story of *Pan* and *Syrinx*, book i. fab. 15. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, suggested the materials for this short poem ; (written in 1790 ;) which is not however a translation from, nor even intended as an imitation of, the Roman Poet.

† Used by Shakspeare, and other writers, for *untimely*.

" From these wild notes, my pensive task shall be
 " To frame th' heart-conquering chains of Melody.
 " In rill-divided vale, on mountain brow,
 " Thy sounds shall soothe the Shepherd's artless woe :
 " Thy melting accents charm the silent hour ;
 " O'er the full breast the assuaging comfort pour ;
 " Tame headlong Rage,—and thaw the frost of Cares,
 " To fond Regrets, and Tenderness, and Tears ;
 " And to my bosom call thee, gentle shade,
 " 'Till thy voice heal the wound, thy form has made."—
 His Victim thus—the God consoled, and mourn'd ;
 While soft approving sighs the shuddering Reeds return'd.*

Another *Irish Rhyme* !—*Cares with Tears* !—
 Pray, good my English reader, when your country-
 man, *Gray*, made *woof* rhyme to *enough*, did he
 pronounce the first of these words *wuf*, or the se-
 cond *enoof*?—See Number XXVI.

TO A PRIMROSE,

THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON.*

————— *Nitens, et roboris expers,*
Target, et insolida est, et Spe delectat. OVID.

Hail lonely brightness! early Flower!
 That leaning from thy rustic bower,
 To Earth the genial promise bring ;—
 A fragrant Messenger of Spring.

* The sound of this line strikes the editor (and probably the author) as happily echoing the sense.

† Written in Feb. 1791.

But tender blossom, why so pale?
Dost hear stern Winter in the gale?
And didst thou tempt the dubious sky,
To catch one vernal glance,—and die?

Such the wan lustre Sickness wears,
When Health's first faltering beam appears:
So languid are the smiles, that seek
To nestle in the care-worn cheek;

When timorous Hope the head half rears;
Still drooping, and still moist with tears;
If thwart involving griefs be seen
Of Bliss the distant speck serene.

And sweeter far the early blow
Of Solace, following storms of Woe,
Than, Comfort's riper season come,
Joys more mature, and Pleasure's gaudier bloom.

TO

THE NAIAD OF BRINKINALT.*

To thee, bright Naiad of the silver Spring,
(List from thy pebbly grotto, while I sing,)
To thee the tribute of her earliest lays,†
For many a mantling Draught, the Muse repays.

* The name of *Lord Dungannon's* seat in Denbighshire. These lines were written while the author was on a visit there, in 1785.

† *Ætat.* 19.

Healthsome and pure, as is the morning gale,
 Such lymph should crown the Hermit's thrifty meal,
 Who but requires what frugal Nature wants;
 Water and fruits; the feast of Temperance!
 Thy flower-enamell'd turf, and mirror fair,
 To praise were vain: accept the Poet's prayer;
 And bounteous Naiad still our board supply:—
 (When Cold will quench, what Maiden should deny?)
 So may no Hand impure thy current soil,
 Thy crystal sources taint, or banks defile!
 Thro' blooms untrampled while thy splendours flow,
 And on their brink half-hidden violets glow;
 That seem, so low their dusky corolls droop,
 Faint with excessive fragrance—thus to stoop.
 So may no Frost, thy limpid course detaining,
 To silence doom, in Scythian fetters chaining!
 So may you ne'er, while parching Summers burn,
 Mourn a scant channel, and exhausted urn!
 But, whether Winter froze the gloomy scene
 Deform, or Sirius sheathe his fires in green,
 Down the moist cliff thy murmuring tribute throw
 To *Deva's* wizard streams, that foam below!*
 And may some future Bard, fair Naiad, sing,
 In happier melodies, thy Cambrian spring!
 O'er distant tracts effuse the liquid name,
 And teach to emulate *Blandusian*† fame!

* The stream rises on a hill; and hurrying down, joins a branch of the *Dee* which flows through the vale beneath. The excellence of the water gave occasion to these lines.—“Nor yet “where *Deva* spreads her wizard stream.” MILTON.

† *O fons Blandusie! splendidior vitro!* HOR.

O D E.*

O Tu, severi Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine, (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
 Præsentio rem et conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem,
 Quam si repostus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu,)
 Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
 Da placidam Juveni quietem!
 Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
 Fortuna sacrâ lege silenti
 Vetat volentem, me resorbens
 In medios violenta fluctus;
 Saltem remoto des Pater angulo
 Horas Senectæ ducere liberas!
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu
 Surripias, Hominumque curis!

IMITATED.†

Shade-wrapt and silent!—Power austere,
 Whom Wisdom's musing sons revere!
 Unseen of thoughtless glance profane,
 Whom yet these solemn haunts contain;

* Of Gray; written in the Album of the Fathers, at the
Grand Chartreuse.

† I cannot tell the date of this imitation.

And mid hoar woods, and torrents bold,
To the rapt eye thy form unfold,
More awful dim, than, efly plann'd
By Phidias' wonder-working hand,
Within some Parian Temple raised
Had it in pomp of sculpture blazed!
By thy deep solitudes inspired,
Of the World's worthless tumult tired,
A willing, longing guest, I come ;
And hail and court—thy soothing gloom.
For—pall'd how soon ! my listless youth
Sighs for repose : Repose and Truth.
But hurried from the twilight seat,
And stillness of thy blest retreat,
Should Fortune plunge me in the noise
Of Life's vain griefs, and idler joys,
O bid at least " my weary age
" Find out the peaceful hermitage !"
The calm I sue for, there at length attain,
Far from the vulgar din, and trivial cares of Men?

M.

NUMBER XLII.

SATURDAY, JULY 2d, 1808.

Non anxie disputo quibus modis id fiat. Mihi satis est, quod Qui promisit hoc futurum—sic verax est, ut mentiri non possit: sic potens est, ut quicquid velit, nutu valeat efficere.*

ERASMUS.†

WHILST Infidels profanely dispute the miracles of Revelation, they are surrounded, and as it were confuted, by a host of daily marvels, which they are compelled to believe.

*All we behold is Miracle: but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain!‡*

Is not *Man* a Miracle? His form, his nature,

* As the miraculous conception, birth, holiness, life, sufferings, death, resurrection, glory, God-head, intercession, and eternal life of our Redeemer—are a mere fulfillment of the *promises* of God, made theretofore to *Man*, by the mouths of his inspired Prophets.

† *Inquisitio de Fide.* It is manifest that the person into whose mouth these words, in the dialogue, are put, is intended to represent *Erasmus* himself; and that, in the passage which I have chosen for a motto, this learned and *enlightened Man* is giving *his own* profession of Faith.

‡ COWPER.

his intellect, his destination?—Is it more miraculous that CHRIST should be born of a Virgin, than that the first and merely human *Adam* should have been formed of Dust,—and even this parental Dust itself created out of nothing?* Is redemption a less conceivable mystery than creation?—The propagation of vegetables, the pro-creation of animals, the growth of the *fœtus* in the womb, whether are these marvels,—or events as simple and accountable, as they are ordinary and natural;—and which lie completely within our intellectual comprehension?

But the immaculate conception and birth of our Redeemer were preternatural! Undoubtedly they were: but what is this which we call natural? The term does not mean that which we understand, or can explain; but merely denotes the consonancy of the occurrence on which this epithet is bestowed, with the pre-existing order, establishment, and course of things. But the creation of *Adam* was as *unprecedented* (which seems to be the meaning of *preternatural*,) as the immaculate birth of CHRIST. So far as human faculties of comprehension are concerned, the one event deviated as unintelligibly as the other, from every thing which had gone before. Both arose from, and must be referred to, that al-

* Yet again, can Imagination substitute any other more credible, or less miraculous origin of Man?

mighty power of GOD, from which alone an explanation of either can be supplied. The creation of Heaven and Earth,—the introduction of *Man*, “became a living Soul,”* upon this system, were illustriously preternatural *novelties*, and marvels, in their day:—the miraculous birth of our Propitiator, was a far more glorious, but not a more incomprehensible innovation.

What shall we say of the first effulgence and emanation of new-made Light? of the primary rise and harmonious revolutions of the Solar System? of the first stupendously splendid encroachment of the Universe on Chaos?—Were these *natural* events in the only sense in which our Saviour’s birth can be denied to have been so? Were these miracles? or, if not, where shall miracles be found?

Is *Attraction* a miracle? Could even the ken of *Newton* trace it to a cause? Yet *can* we deny the existence of a law of Nature, confessedly too marvellous to explain or comprehend?

Is *natural Evil* miraculous? It is. For knowing as we do, that *the First Cause* is all-powerful, wise and good, the existence of natural Evil may to our narrow faculties appear to be little consonant to those adorable attributes of GOD. To us, seeing *αὐτομάτῃ*, it may seem that boundless Goodness

* Genesis.

would, and that unerring Providence, infinite Wisdom, and illimitable Power *could*—foresee, guard against, and banish what thus deforms the fair visage of Creation. Yet physical Evil we see and feel to have existence;—while, without that WORD, which was in the beginning, and is very GOD, we know that nothing was made, that is made.*

But it may be, and I believe it has been said, (by an English Poet,† disseminating the infidelity of a British Peer,) that there is no Evil;—for that partial Evil is‡ universal Good.

Let us put this Doctrine to the test of a somewhat syllogistic form. There is Evil: but this Evil is partial in its operation; and ultimately productive of general Good: *therefore*, there is *no* Evil.—An Argument whose Conclusion thus positively denies what its major Premiss had asserted as distinctly, must be confessed to be, at the least, as novel as it is convincing.

But, in fact, it will turn out to be but shallow sophistry, even after we shall have waved the contradiction. In accomplishing an object which in the *general* is good, *Man* will often produce *partial*

* Gospel according to St. John.

† Perhaps in the Essay on MAN POPE inadvertently preached the heterodoxy of LORD BOLINGBROKE.

‡ i. e. Produces, or promotes. It can mean no more.

evil; and this by reason of his finite and imperfect means. But the power of GOD is neither limited nor incomplete: it is, on the contrary, infinite and perfect. To Him, all necessary means are open for the attainment of any of his ends.

Again, it may be urged that natural Evil exists as a penalty, and effect: that it is a consequence of moral Evil; and a punishment for Sin. This Doctrine seems to be derived from Scripture; and if so, it must be true. But still we have merely gotten from the Elephant to the Tortoise:*—for why was there moral Evil? Why has there been Sin? Is this latter the seeming creature of infinite Wisdom, Goodness, Love, and Power? But because these existencies may to us prove inexplicable marvels, I do not say *will* we turn Atheists;—but *can* we do so? We can not: for *Man* without a GOD would be a miracle too hideous and incredible, for even the most deranged Imagination to figure forth. A GOD then we must admit. Who denies him? In fact no Man. The denial would, in its very conception and utterance, refute the blasphemy. It is because there is a God, that the Blasphemer exists, and thinks, and can articulate a denial of him. We therefore

* Allusion to the rude Theory, of I forget what Savage Nation, that the Earth was upheld by an Elephant; who stood upon a Tortoise, for which latter this Theory provided no support.

admit a *Deity*, with attributes such as I have assigned him; whilst yet, amongst the wonders and inexplicable phænomena that surround us, are found some, which to our bewildered faculties, appear at variance with the powers and perfections of our God.

And what is the conclusion to which Religion and Reason lead?—A self-prostration of the Mind:—a recollection that “The LORD has said that he “would dwell in the thick darkness:”*—a confession that we know nothing, but through Him: that we are encompassed by what, with our present faculties,† we can never hope to penetrate or explain: that when our perceptions are clearest, we see things but “as through a glass darkly;” and by no means “face to face:”‡ not looking on the original; but merely catching, as in a mirror, the faint glimpses of an incomplete and shadowy reflection:—that we, and all surrounding us, are one vast and complicated prodigy of Heavenly fabrick;—and that, as we *must* believe many miracles, (if we trust our senses,) so the marvels to which we should, least of all, presume to attach discredit, are those which DIVINE REVELATION has graciously authenticated, for our instruction.

L.

* 1st Kings, ch. 8. v. 12.

† Inspiration is (or is equivalent to) an enlargement of our faculties.

‡ St. Paul.

NUMBER XLIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 9th, 1808.

Ex hac vitâ ita discedo, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo.

CICERO.

I HAVE been lately reading Cicero's celebrated tract *de Senectute*, with the greater interest, because I want but a few years of that æra, which the Romans, technically enough, held to be the commencement of old age.* Let this eloquent and persuasive writer allege to the contrary what he may, old age must, to the Human Animal, be irksome and oppressive in some degree. It is allied to Decrepitude: a decline from the prime perfection of his faculties, and life; a withering of the bloom and lustre of his days; a dreary approach to and foretaste of that *Death*, from which, in despite of Eloquence, our instincts will recoil; and which must be an Evil; since GOD inflicts it as a punishment for Sin.

How much less cheering than that of Tully, is the character which we find given of old age, by a

* Forty-seven.

Writer, whose knowledge of Human Nature those only will dispute, who are ignorant of Mankind!

*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda ; vel quod
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti ;
Vel quod res omnes timide, gelidæque ministrat ;
Dilator, spe lentus, iners, patidusque futuri ;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero ; censor, castigatoremque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum ;
Multa recedentes adimunt.**

Perhaps, as the prose writer may have presented us with a flattering resemblance of Senility, the poet, on the other hand, has given a caricature. Be this granted ; and it still will follow that the portrait which Tully has exhibited is no just likeness.

Old Age (observes this latter,) less bereaves us of sensual pleasures, than it exempts us from voluptuous pursuits ;—those grand impediments to Reason, and to Virtue. The observation is not destitute of weighty truth. But if Age allays our relish, and quenches our desires, is not this by paralysing our sensibilities and faculties to a dull obtuseness ? It is to the weakness of our bodies, not the vigour of our minds, that we are indebted for the privileges which are thus extolled ; and which may be compared with that insensibility to pain (or pleasure,) which is produced by a fractured skull ; or a concussion of the

* Horace.

brain. The drowsy Senior enjoys the lethargick prerogatives of decay; and is *almost* as enviably disencumbered of sensuality, as the Dust to which he is about—shortly—to return.

A period of life so full of comforts, as Cicero represents the declining one to be, we might expect would be rather tasted,—or, as the French express it, *savouré*,—than encountered as a lingering chronic disease. Whatever might be a man's sentiments in an earlier stage of life, Death, one should suppose, would be peculiarly undesirable, at a period of existence so felicitously tranquil and mature as this;—and as for the *tædet cæli convexa tueri*,—any feeling like *Ennui*, or satiety of life,—this, though imaginable at the age of *Dido*, or in an *imberbis Juvenis*, surrounded with the annoying perplexities of Youth, is a sentiment, which every Nestor must have long survived! Yet hear, upon these subjects, in the same tract upon Old Age, the very Tully already cited;—the fond Eulogist of Decay!—*Pugnandum, tanquam contra morbum, sic contra senectutem*. Again, *Quid igitur timeam* (exclaims the aged *Cato*,) *si aut non miser post mortem, aut beatus etiam futurus sum? Quæ (mors) aut planè negligenda est, si omnino extinguit animum; aut etiam optanda, si aliquo eum deducit, ubi sit futurus æternus. Conglutinatio inveterata facile divellitur. Itâ fit ut illud breve vitæ reliquum nec avidè appe-*

tendum senibus, nec sine causâ deserendum sit. Quæ (mors) mihi quidem tam jucunda est, (still the sentiment of Cato Major, in his old age,) ut quò proprius ad mortem accedam, quasi terram videre videar, aliquandoque in portum ex longâ navigatione esse venturus. Lastly, Satiety vitæ tempus maturum mortis affert.

Thus we find enumerated amongst the consolations of old age, that surfeit of life which causes dissolution to appear remedial; smoothing the frowns of Death; or even, as he approaches, converting them to smiles. Indeed so operative is this comfortably disgusting Satiety pronounced to be, that from one of the quotations which I have given, it may be collected—that even assuming Death to extend its destructive efficacy to the Soul, and terminate as well our spiritual as corporeal career, still the happy old man's comforts shall not dissuade him from being contented to resign the privileges of decrepitude, and even dotage; and lying “*in cold obstruction*,”* to barter their enjoyments for that total annihilation, or *Repos eternal*, which (concurring with the least enlightened of their Pagan Predecessors,) the late Philosophers of France held Death to merely be. —Nay, all happy as he is, if the Senior does not abridge the period of his own felicity, he seems

* Shakspeare.

deterred, not by tasting his senile pleasures with proportionate enjoyment,—not by

“the dread of something after death;

“The undiscover’d country, from whose bow’n

“No Traveller returns;”*

but by a recollection of that comparatively unimpressive veto,† which forbids Man, *injussu imperatoris, id est DEI, de præsidio et statione vitæ decedere.*

Thus weak and inconsistent must even a Tully be, when, at variance with Holy Writ, he represents as one of the happiest periods of Human Life, a caducity arising from the approach and influences of that death, imposed by GOD upon our race, as a penalty for disobedience; and of which OUR REDEEMER purchased the remission with his blood. Indeed Cicero, in this (on the whole justly) admired tract, descends to what strikes me as mere sophistry, upon occasion. He represents Mankind as wishing for old-age; and when they have attained it, reproaching with its irksomeness, this object of their desires. *Senectus, quam ut adipiscantur omnes optant; eandem accusant adeptam.* But who is,—who ever has been—desirous of old age? Who ever wished to act the sad

“last scene of all,

“The second childishness, and mere oblivion,

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing?”‡

* Shakspeare.

† Of Pythagoras.

‡ Shakspeare.

So strong, indeed, is our instinctive abhorrence of dissolution, that Men are, in the general, desirous of length of days. But would they not wish for youthful vigour, of commensurate duration? I will venture to pronounce that a prospect of those infirmities which attend on age, so far from increasing, is rather calculated to take away the young man's appetite for life.*

But whatever may be the irksomeness of old age to the Human Animal, (if this expression be again allowed me,) or to uninstructed, and vainly speculative Pagan Man, "*in endless mazes lost*,"† on the mighty subject of a, to him, dubious futurity,—in circumstances how widely different do we find *the Christian* placed! Some of these distinctions I shall hint at: leaving to the wise and pious Reader to pursue the animating collation.

With respect to certain vices, which are commonly supposed to be the attributes of Age, our Vindicator of Senility, with sufficient truth observes, that *morum vitia sunt: non senectutis*.—*Sed mementote* (he continues) *eam me laudare senectutem, quæ fundamentis adolescentiæ constituta sit*:—and again,

* Cicero appears to be somewhat partial to Senility, when he describes it as, through temperance, exempt from those *Insomnies*, which I fear are amongst the annoyances of the most abstemious old age. *Caret insomniis*.

† Milton.

ista ipsa defectio virium (ascribable to age,) adolescentiæ vitiis efficitur, sæpius quam senectutis: libidinosa etenim et intemperans adolescentia effatum corpus tradit senectuti.—Now where so surely as in

Christianity, can youth lay those firm foundations, which are requisite to support the comforts and respectability of age? Where, if not in this Divine and true Religion, shall we find an effectual preventive of that depraved and early dissipation, which leads to effete and premature decline? What, so well as this same ameliorating Faith and Doctrine, shall protect us, when our locks have already become grey, from those vices, which while they disgrace his age, the pious Christian will also feel to endanger his salvation? Will he who has fought the good fight during former periods of existence, degenerate into vice, when his career is about to close? When, at the brink of the awful boundary between eternity and time, he stands on the eve of that merciful judgment, which, if he but persevere, he humbly hopes will confer a reward that never can decay? Will not Hopes and Fears, of such prevalence as these, produce the purest and most virtuous, and consequently the happiest and most respectable old age? The aged and pious Christian may indeed with truth exclaim,—*quo propius ad mortem accedo, quasi terram videre videor; aliquandoque in portum, ex longâ navigatione esse venturus.* And will he, by

deserting his good course, run the risk of being wrecked, at the very moment when he is prosperously entering his port?

But considering the peculiar situation of humankind, "*placed*," as it is,

*"on the isthmus of a middle state,"**

to the faithful Christian spirit, which builds its hopes on Revelation, many are the comforts attendant on old age. It is an advance to the bright goal, at which his vital race was pointed. Every new infirmity is a symptom of approach to that glorious period of his sublunary course, which is "*a consummation*," so "*devoutly to be wished*."† Every rising sentiment of mortification, weariness, or pain, serves but to supply materials for virtuous resignation; and vanishes before the pious submission which it creates. Though for resignation, in truth, there is but little need; or room. Not only because the ills which age produces, must be of inconsiderably short duration; but because they corroborate our hopes of a life to come. The good man, sinking beneath the infirmities of his latter age, will rationally and cheerfully whisper to his heart, "GOD never gave me being, in order that I should come to this. He never bestowed such faculties and existence as *Man*

* Pope.

† Shakspeare.

“enjoys, in order that the possessor should pass through decrepitude and dotage to annihilation.* “Death is not the creature of GOD; it is the off-spring of *Sin*; and, for the Faithful, has been turned to a mere *shadow*, by Redemption.”—Thus Man’s sufferings become arguments to justify his expectations; and our Hopes of immortality in part spring from our sensations of decay. A person circumstanced as I have described, will at once feel old age tolerably provided with its comforts; and yet consistently indulge a “*longing after immortality*.”† a noble and pious wish to “*shuffle off this mortal coil*.”‡ Non censet lugendam esse mortem, quam Immortalitas consequatur.§ In fact, as Addison called Lord Warwick, “to see how a Christian could die,”|| so a faithful and devout professor of this sublime religion may shew his family and friends, how it at once enables to endure the infirmities of age, and yet leads the Endurer consistently to exclaim, *O præclarum diem! cum ad*

* This argument Cicero has not overlooked. *Quid multa? Sic mihi persuasi, sic sentio, cum tanta celeritas animorum sit, tanta memoria præteritorum, futurorumque prudentia, tot artes, tanta scientia, tot inventa, non posse eam naturam, quæ res eas contineat, esse mortalem.*

† Addison.

‡ Shakspeare.

§ Cicero.

|| Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*.

*illud divinum animorum concilium catunque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turbâ et collusione discedam!**

In the latter periods of existence, the *World* should recede and disappear; and *Heaven* should open on the eyes† of every rational and pious Man. *ἡμάρτης διδακτικός* is recorded to have been the boast of *Solon*. But let him who would be proud of the acquisitions of his decline, be heedful of the studies which he chooses for pursuit. Let him point them to the state of being, on which he is about to enter. Let him consider himself as arrived at a glorious kind of second childhood; which calls upon him to learn diligently the *accidence* of eternal life. "*Prayer-Books are*" not "*the toys of Age;*"‡ as *POPE* has perty and profanely styled them. They are, on the contrary, at all times, and then most especially, "*the proper study of Mankind.*"§

M.

* Cicero.

† Pope's Dying Christian to his Soul.

‡ Essay on Man.

§ Ibid.

NUMBER XLIV.

SATURDAY, JULY 16th, 1898.

*I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was :
man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.*

SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING, a few evenings ago, fallen into a slumber, *sicut meus est mos*, in my friend *Sir Everard's* library, I had [scarcely closed my eyes, when there appeared before me what I will not assert to have been supernatural, towering, or bright; and which my Readers will the more readily suppose to have been *my Genius*. The Vision pointing to a door, over which the words *ESSAYIST'S MUSEUM* were inscribed, we immediately entered the Repository; which was surrounded with glazed cases, distributed into compartments, and containing the Rarities from which this Gallery derived its title.

The first curiosity which attracted my attention was a *Coxcombeter*; consisting of a small glass tube, hermetically sealed, and enclosing a reddish liquor, expressed from the pericardium of a Coquette's

heart.* Whilst I was observing that the summit temperature was marked *Puppy Heat*, this little Instrument paid me the compliment, as I held it in my hand, of falling suddenly, and so considerably as to *Thinking Point*. Near to the coxcombeter was the pineal gland of a *Beau*; which, when examined with a Magnifier, was found to be encompassed with a horny substance, cut into numerous mirrors, in which the self-complacent Soul which once inhabited this bijou is supposed to have been for ever contemplating its own charms.† My Genius (being somewhat given, as I suspect, to punning,) informed me that these were the only Reflections a Mind of fashion could endure.

In an adjoining compartment was an *amoro-magnético-telegraphick Dial Plate*,‡ on the model of the amicable one, noticed by Strada, in his *Prolusions*; and not far distant stood a formally shaped phial of *political starch*,§ which appeared, from the label, to have been presented by a Spanish Junta to a late member of the British Cabinet. Beside this stiffening were a dozen bottles of the last year's Sunbeams, carefully distilled from cucumbers,|| accord-

* Spectator, No. 281.

† Spectator, No. 275.

‡ Ibid, No. 241.

§ Ibid, No. 305.

|| Voyage to Laputa.

ing to an approved and modern process ; and intended by the University of Lagado, for Benjamin Count Rumford, in return for his ingenious tract on *radiant heat*.—Here, in a cage of moderate dimensions, I was gratified by the sight of some Lilliputian sheep and horned cattle,* grazing on a pasture about six times as large as a lark's sod. In the centre, the celebrated tooth of the Brobdingnag footman,† was set up as a rubbing post. Here were to be seen a full length portrait of the Emperor of Blefuscu, as small as life ; some purses of Lilliputian *sprugs* ; a comb, made of the stumps of the King of Brobdingnag's beard, fixed into a back formed from a paring of his royal Consort's thumb-nail ; together with the gold ring which her stupendous Majesty so graciously took from her *little !* finger ; and threw over the head of Gulliver, like a collar. In this part of the Museum I was likewise shewn an uncommonly clumsy suit of clothes, manufactured for this very Gulliver, by a Laputan Taylor, whose practice was to take measure of his Customers with a quadrant.‡ On bringing the Coxcombeter within the atmosphere of this ill-made suit, I found the included liquor sink to the very bulb. Here also was a *Flap*,§ of which the

* Voyage to Lilliput.

† Voyage to Brobdingnag.

‡ Voyage to Laputa.

§ Ibid.

finishing was so exquisite, and the decorations were so rich, that it must have been *Gold Flap in waiting* to some Sovereign of Laputa.

At the top of the chamber, which we now approached, beneath a marble shrine or temple of simply elegant construction, I remarked a "*sable well*,"* from whence, notwithstanding the inky tint which thus characterized their source, issued streams of such pure morality, limpid narrative, and easy wit, that it was impossible not to recognise the flow of *Addison*, at once. I entreated to have my *Ecritoire* replenished from this spring; but learned, with greater mortification than surprise, that this was a boon beyond the power of my Genius to bestow.

In the first compartment, as we descended, on the side of the room opposite to that which we had just inspected, I perceived a rich embroidery, curiously worked upon a cobweb;† and purporting to be a production of the late ingenious Doctor Darwin. The Coxcombeter immediately rose, in token of respect. On opening a small parcel which lay on the same shelf, I found it full of shuttlecocks, lashes for whips, flies, fishing hooks, and a variety of miscellaneous trifles, carefully folded in a paper, which on

* Pope's lines to the Lady Frances Shirley.

† Spectator, No. 364.

inspection proved to be a well-known letter to Sir Roger de Coverley, from Will Wimble.* Here also were to be found the watch which, in a fit of absence, Will Honeycomb "squirted" into the Thames; and the pebble which he gravely pocketed in its stead.† Near these was a sort of column; of which Sir Roger's hat formed the base; his cane the shaft; and the capital was fantastically composed of the perverse widow's‡ fan and gloves. Observing two Rings laid beside each other in an amber case, I discovered one to be *Angelica's*; and the other that of *Amurath*.§ On touching the former, my Genius, to my great confusion, vanished;||—but re-appeared when the magic circle was withdrawn. I had in the meantime drawn the Sultan's ruby on my finger; and was somewhat alarmed by feeling a sudden pinch; which I can no otherwise account for than by recollecting that I was at the moment contemplating my Genius with some complacence. Opposite to the place where I now stood, there was seated an armed Figure, which I might have taken for "Alonzo the

* Spectator, No. 108.

† Ibid, No. 77.

‡ Ibid, *passim*.

§ Adventurer, No. 20.

|| This was its effect. On one occasion, when Angelica puts it into her mouth, —*la fa sparir, come ad un soffio il lume*.

brave,* if the ever-burning lamp that hung before him, (and which he did not now make any motion to destroy,) had not shewn me that this must be the brazen statue, so churlishly contrived by Rosicrucius, in days of yore.† On approaching a looking-glass, I was surprised to behold in it—not the image of myself, but of a young man, apparently stabbed with a silver bodkin.‡ I soon, however, recollected that this could be no other than *Fidelio*; and whilst I was commiserating the fate of the unhappy youth, my Genius suggested that his transformation was the more extraordinary, because on examining the particulars of his sad story, it would appear—that this Mirror of Truth was in fact turned into himself!§

Remarking a small bottle, apparently filled with chrystals which were unusually transparent, I took it up, and found it labell'd *Frozen Dialogues from Nova Zembla*.|| I had immediately the curiosity to uncork this phial, and place it before the fire;

* The jilted lover of "the fair Imogine."

† Spectator, No. 379.

‡ Spectator, No. 392.

§ On examining the above Number of the Spectator, this inaccuracy will be detected; and it will be observed that *Fidelio* is described as having been a Looking Glass, before his (shall I call it?) Metamorphosis.

|| Tatler, No. 254.

when there suddenly issued from its mouth such a confused hubbub of loud and justling sounds, that alarmed by the uproar, I started and awoke. A female group at the other end of *Sir Everard's* Library happened to be engaged at the moment in a very animated conversation: but whether to this circumstance I was indebted for the denouement of my dream—is more than I will take upon me to decide.

K.

NUMBER XLV.

SATURDAY, JULY 23d, 1808.

Undique collatis membris.

HOR.

The verses, which here flock together,
Cependant, are not of a feather;
Yet (as the gentle Reader will,)
All issue of a grey-goose quill.

MY friend MR. VERSELEY* would not forgive me, if I were to go on *prosing* any longer. Perhaps other Readers may partake of his Ennui; whom yet I shall not relieve, by that Dose† of Metre which I am about to exhibit; and which in his case, I hope, will operate a cure.

* See Number V.

† *Cave*: not *Doze*.

LAVATERIANA:

LINES, SENT BY THE AUTHOR WITH HIS PRO-
FILE, TO A FRIEND.*

Omnibus UMBRA locis adero.

VIRG.

WHEN low an ancient Chief was laid,
Straight to his friend he sent *his shade*†
When Dido's Jilt took to his heel,
She vow'd to send him *her profile*‡
What Roman spread the sumptuous feast,
Without an *Umbra*§ for his guest?
Mere mutes, that never oped the lip;
(Symptom of "*half-faced*|| fellowship;")
And who, to gain their silent place,
In short—were driven to *spout a face*.—¶

Supported then by Sage Antiquity,
With strong authorities, (and ake witty,)
T' accept my gift—my friend I pray;
Et même, parbleu, de l'agréer,

* Written in 1790.

† Thus Patroclus (see the *Iliad*.) to Achilles.

‡ Translation of omnibus *Umbra locis adero*.

§ *Locum est et pluribus Umbra*.

|| *Half-faced*, i. e. *profiled*.—SHAKSP. *HEM.* IV.

¶ i. e. to come uninvited.

I cannot believe,—the Deuse a one o' me,—
 But that there's truth in physiognomy;
 But that, as philosophick LAVATER,
 ER,—and his followers will have it,
 Still, as the artist spirit warms,
 The ductile clay receives its forms;
 That beauty is but Virtue's shell;
 And Feature—*Soul*—made visible.
 Thus Valour a bold outline traces;
 While coward hearts wear concave faces:
 Thus Minds imbecile, vain, and dull,
 To' a fool's-cap mould th' appropriate skull;
 While swelling Genius vaults the crown;
 Strayed Judgment fashions the jaw-bone;
 And Taste and Wit are peeping seen
 From angles 'twixt the nose and chin.*

Now should this theory be true,
 (A question I submit to you;)
 By late experience if belied is,
 Th' adage of *fronti nulla fides*,
 Behold a host of proof supplied,
 To shew the mimic Arts allied:
 To shew, tho' *Poesy* bear the bell,
 That *Painting* merits it as well:†
 This takes a pencil; That a pen;
 Both sketch you characters, and men;
 Whilst, in the outline of a nose,
 The silent Art distinctly shews
 What takes three stanzas to disclose.

* This and the seven preceding lines will be found to correspond with the system and ideas of Lavater.

† The Author naturally panegyryzes the painter's art, while he is sending his (quasi) portrait to his friend.

What Fancies quaint (and why resist 'em?)
 Start from the wildness of this system!
 On lightning's wing—Imagination
 From cradle soaring to completion,
 Views hypocritic arts o'erthrown;
 While erst a veil, now index grown,
 His face—in *Falsehood's* spite—oblige her
 Minion unmask'd to cry *sum niger*.

Varying her means, but not her nature,
 Lo! *Flattery* then o'ercharge a feature:•
 From precious stores of *Genius* borrowed,
 Give Folly *Sophron's* eyes and forehead:
 Lend Baseness traits of generous pride,
 From *Probus'* honest front supplied;
 And puff to a well-temper'd bulk
 The lip, whose slenderness speaks sulk;
 While *Vanity*, the portrait shewn,
 Will vow the likeness is her own.
 Thus written panegyrick dies;
 And crayon praise its place supplies.

Comes one to hire? you but expect
 Him to produce a *silhouette*.
 His tape-tied pocket book conceals,
 In lieu of characters,—profiles.
 These you examine at your leisure;
 And strictly each proportion measure.
 "There's lumpishness in this contour:
 "Good fellow I detest a Boor:
 "Nay, call no more: it will but tire you:
 "A different nose, and I might hire you."

• See Number XXVI. on Irish Rhyme.

Would you toe serve, or (same thing,) marry?
 And seek you a light yoke to carry?
 Then hearken to my counsel; viz.
 To study first my lady's *phiz*.

If to her share some errors fall,

*Look in her face, 'twill shew them all.**

Or (when undazzled with the blaze
 Of charms, your practised eye may gaze,)
 The fair-one's clustering merits prove;
 And on your Reason graft your love.
 The aspect sweet,—the front serene,
 That needs not (scarcely knows) to feign,
 The vivid glance, that beams with thought,
 The smile—with nameless meaning fraught,
 (By worth chastised, by taste refined,
 From grossness pure, and full of Mind,)
 By turns your raptured bosom fill;
 And bid each timorous Doubt be still;
 While in her goodly brow's controul
 Sits the soft Majesty of Female Soul.
 Divulged alike her faults you find:—
 Soft! I forget that *Love* is blind.—
 So be thy Friendship! and conceal
 Each blemish that my traits reveal!
 Or, if too manifest to view
 The frailties,—too quick-sighted you,
 Yet this, in pity this concede;
 My merits in full light displayed,
 Be all my errors in *the shade*!†

* Rape of the Lock, contra.

† For the reputed Author of these lines, see Nos. XXXIX.
 and XLI.

TO BELINDA.

Eheu fugaces !

HOR.

WHO erst in prudence every Greek excell'd
 The struggling winds in silver fetters held.*—
 Say; should a power so marvellous be mine,
 What airs, O Æolus, would I confine?
 Not the warm gales, that from their oozy wing,
 O'er languid tracts oppressive fragrance fling;
 Nor the glad Breeze that scatters, as it goes,
 A freshness plundered from the youthful Rose;
 But to my sense the more attractive air
 That breathes, how sweetly breathes! from Rutland-square:
 Soft as the murmuring of Thracia's hills,
 Repeating round her amorous Poets' Ills;†
 The plaintive wreck of chaste Ladonia's charms,
 Low-sobbing, in her coarse Admirer's arms;‡
 Or wond'rous power of Prospero's freighted breeze,
 An uncouth Caliban's rough soul to please:§
 Tuneful as these: of heavenly fragrance too,
 Vows the fond Muse:—Ah! would the Poet knew!
 And, as th' Æolian shepherd, dared inhale,
 Even where it issues, the seducing gale ||
 But why the current check,—the flight control
 Of airs, that waft enchantment to the soul?

* Odyss. B. 10. These lines are also attributed, as a juvenile production, to the supposed Author of the last.

† Ov. Met. B. 10. Fab. 2.

‡ Ibid. B. 1. Fab. 15.

§ Tempest; Act 3. Sc. 2. "Be not afraid: the isle is full of noises;" &c. &c.

|| Ov. Met. B. 7. Fab. 13.

No: freely let th' harmonious breeze invade
Each secret haunt, where coy *Expression's* laid:
Snatch a warm sigh from the reluctant Fair;
And to the World the precious murmur bear:
Then, Fortune place me where the Trembler blows!
To share the fostering sweetness, as it flows!

Comparisons are pronounced, by a sufficiently homely Adage, to be *odious*. This general proverbial rule, however, must admit, in common with all others, of exceptions. Within these, I hope, will come the following collation, of two versions of the twenty-second Ode of *Anacreon*; the first commonly attributed to the supposed Author of the foregoing poems; the second the acknowledged production of the justly celebrated *Mr. Moore*. Both translations appear to me to be very good; but the latter of the two to be the best.

WHAT once was *Niobe*, is now
A Rock, upon the mountain brow;
While *Progne*, too vindictive fair,
Cleaves with quick-glance the vernal air.
Fain would I, Nymph, my form resign
For any that could make me thine:
A faithful mirror fain would be,
That you might sometime look on me:
Or to pure dimpling lymph effused,
Be by my bathing fair one used:
Or melt to sweets your tresses hold;
Or in a robe your charms infold;

Or, as the circling girdle twine,
With amorous grasp, and call them mine :
Or, where the gems soft lustres play,
Glow on your neck my fires away.
A slipper gladly could I be,
Would you but deign to tread on me !

MR. MOORE'S TRANSLATION.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping Matron's form ;—
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade ;
Oh ! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine ;
And like my heart, I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee !
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows ;
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb !
Oh ! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave ;
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there !
I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs ;
Or like those envious pearls, that show
So faintly round that neck of snow,

Yes—I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.—
 What more would thy Anacreon be?
 Oh! anything that touches thee.
 Nay, Sandals for those airy feet,
 Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

ORIGINAL.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΦΗΝ.

Ἡ Τάρταλον ποτ' ἐστὶ
 Αἶθερ φεγγων ἐν ὀχθαῖς,
 Καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὅρις ὤπτη
 Πανδίωνος, χελιδὼν.
 Ἐγὼ δ' ἐσοπτρον εἶναι
 Οὔ πως αἰετὶς λείπει με·
 Ἐγὼ χιτῶν γενομένη
 Οὔ πως αἰετοφῆς με.
 Τῶδαρ θέλω γενεσθαι
 Οὔ πως σε χρῶτα λυσεῖ
 Μυρὸν γυναι γενομένη
 Οὔ πως ἐγὼ σ' αἰετίζω.
 Καὶ ταινίη τῶν μαζῶν,
 Καὶ μαργαρον τραχήλῳ,
 Καὶ σανδαλον γενομένη,
 Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

THE ANSWER

TO SARAH'S* CARD.

ARCH *Sarah*, for her recreation,
Conveys to *William's* blushing Muse
A card of frolic invitation:
Say shall the modest Nymph refuse?

For how, meek Hermit, toy or sing,
As Sarah's sportive vein proposes?
How,—joyous wake the *Teian* string,
Or bind her sober brow with roses?

Her song, alas the day! is ended:
And pensive was the murmuring strain:
Her silent lyre, for aye suspended,
No more shall soothe her *William's* pain.

Or, if a lingering note remain,
To virtue be the sweetness given;
And let the softly solemn strain
Proclaim the Muse a boon from Heaven!

K.

* Who, having read the first of the preceding translations, sent a blank card to the Author, enclosed in a note, inviting him to "*translate more Odes of Anacreon.*" The above stanzas, written in 1800, formed his answer.

NUMBER XLVI.

SATURDAY, JULY 30th, 1808.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem.*

HOR.

How can a just resemblance e'er be painted
Of that—with which the Artist's unacquainted?

I MAY perhaps be mistaken in the notion that we are not quite as unsuccessful in our attempts at representing foreign manners, as the writers of France and Italy are in their endeavours to delineate ours. Their total failure is at all events unquestionable:—an assertion which the following specimens may suffice to prove.

The first extracts which I shall give, are from a Tale of *Florian*; on which he has bestowed the title of *Nouvelle Anglaise*.

One of the earliest occurrences in this *Petit Roman*—is a dispute, between the Hero, *Sir Edward Selmours*, and an old gentleman whom the Author calls *Mr. Pikle*;—a name which I leave the Reader

to pronounce as he will and can. Sir Edward attempted to end the controversy by going out " brusquement; sans écouter Mr. Pikle, qui lui crioit." But this retreat was vain. " Selmours étoit déjà " dans la rue; et Mr. Pikle le suivoit de loin, en " citant les Offices de Cicéron."—Now had I been present at this scene, so far from considering it as quite in course, and merely à l' Anglaise, I should have been tempted to suppose that the good Mr. Pikle was insane.* Be this as it may, Sir Edward soon after meets a young lady of the name of *Fanny*, who is as great an original in her way, as the old Ciceronian can be in his. The rencontre arises in the following way. The Baronet, making a visit to the Chateau of *Mis-triss Forward*, " fit arrêter ses " chevaux au bout de l'avenue: là descendant, seul, " à pied, il s'avança vers le chateau. Comme il " passoit auprès d'un bosquet attenant à la maison, " Sir Edouard entendit chanter; et distingua la voix " d'une femme. Les accens de cette voix" (viz. *Miss Fanny's*), " étoient si doux, &c. que Selmours " ne put s'empêcher d'écouter jusqu' au bout."—He had to wait some time;—for the young lady, seated (like *Tityrus*), *patulæ sub tegmine fagi*,—and with

* Those who agree with the Clown (or Grave-digger,) in *Hamlet*, (Act. 5. Sc. 1,) may be of opinion that this too would be à l' Anglaise.

her white handkerchief (like Tilburina's,) "à la main," never ceased, until she had fairly sung through the nine stanzas, or six and thirty lines, of "auld Robin Gray."

*hæc incondita sola
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.*

The incident was romantic: but the question is—was it English?

The next scene is in a Coffee-House; where "Selmours s'établit à une table; *demanda du punch;* " et se mit à écouter les papiers du jour, qu' un "jeune homme *lisait tout haut.*"

These public-spirited jeunes hommes,—these newspapers, "*by one made vocal for the rest,*"* it never has been my good fortune to come across, in any of those London Coffee-Houses which I have occasionally frequented.

As for Sir Edward, "il pensa s'évanouir, en entendant cette lecture;" so interesting it was. But let us observe what follows. All of a sudden in rushes, "un grand et beau jeune homme;" who advancing to our hero, "N'est ce pas vous Monsieur, lui dit il, d'une voix haute et fiere,—n'est ce pas vous, qui vous appelez Sir Edouard Selmours?" The

* *by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest.*

Baronet acknowledges his name; and the Inconnu, in presence of all the company which filled the coffee-room, and who by this time "font un cercle autour de la table de Sir Edouard," gives a history of his amours; which he terminates by challenging Selmours to a Duel. The Defi is accepted; and a time appointed for the meeting.—But let us give the narrative in the Author's words.—"Demain matin, si vous le voulez bien.—Quand il vous plaira, Monsieur.—Touchez là, Sir Edouard: voulez vous me permettre de finir votre punch?—De tout mon cœur: à votre santé, Monsieur.—A la votre, Sir Edouard.—Tous deux alors s'asseient sur le même banc; boivent ensemble; et conviennent tout bas de se trouver le lendemain à Hyde-Park; tandis que tout ce qui étoit dans le Café leur donne tout haut des marques d'approbation; et les voit sortir en les applaudissant."

The meeting takes place next morning, according to appointment. The grand et beau Jeune Homme's ball strikes off Sir Edward's hat: this latter discharges his pistol in the air; and so they shake hands, and are friends; &cet. &cet. &cet.

The interchange of civilities (by the way) with which these Heros accompany an engagement pour s'égorger, and which attract such general applause from their polite and sanguinary audience, remind one of those prefatory courtesies, which introduced

the battle of Fontenoi. " On étoit à cinquante pas
 " de distance. Les officiers Anglais saluèrent les
 " Français, en ôtant leurs chapeaux. Tous les
 " Officiers des Gardes-Françaises leur rendirent le
 " salut. Mylord Charles *Hai*, Capitaine aux
 " Gardes-Anglaises, cria, *Messieurs des Gardes-*
 " *Françaises, tirez.* Le Comte d' Anteroche, alors
 " Lieutenant de Grenadiers, et depuis Capitaine, leur
 " dit à voix haut, *Messieurs, nous ne tirons jamais*
 " *les premiers: tirez vous-mêmes.* Les Anglais firent
 " un feu roulant. Dix neuf officiers des Gardes tom-
 " bèrent blessés à cette seule charge. Messieurs de
 " *Clisson*, de *Langey*, de *la Peyre* y perdirent la vie:
 " quatre-vingts-quinze soldats demeurèrent sur la
 " place; deux cents quatre-vingts-cinque y reçurent des
 " blessures: onze officiers Suisses tombèrent blessés;
 " ainsi que deux cents neuf de leurs soldats; parmi
 " lesquels, soixante-quatre furent tués. Le Colonel
 " de *Courten*, son Lieutenant Colonel, quatre offi-
 " ciers, soixante et quinze soldats tombèrent morts:
 " quatorze officiers, et deux cents soldats blessés
 " dangereusement."*

But to return to our Continental attempts at depicting British manners; and to select our next specimen from the Italian.

In a comedy of *Goldoni*, which (having taken his

* Voltaire; *Precis du Siecle de Louis XV.* Ch. 15.

hint of the plot from *Richardson*,) he has called *Pamela*, the Hero, an English Nobleman, is visited by several young men of fashion, of his acquaintance. On the entrance of a guest, (between breakfast time and dinner,) my lord immediately orders tea; urging his servant to expedition, by the most liberal (or rather lavish and illiberal) abuse. "*Il Tè Bestia!*" "*Il Tè; Animalaccio!*" &c. &c. When at length the Tea appears, "*mine Host*"* pours out and serves it to his guests; accompanying this office with a crowd of old-fashion'd inquiries, as to whether they choose cream or sugar, and the like; after which an interesting discussion of the merits of Tea takes place; in which it is pronounced on all sides to be "*ottima bevanda per lo stomaco.*"

One of this tea-party is Mylord *Coubrech*: of course related to Lord *Runebif*; an English personage, who makes his appearance in another Drama of Goldoni.† Indeed I strongly suspect that both Lord *Cowbreech*, and his noble relation, mylord *Roundo'-beef*, are of the blood and family of the justly celebrated SIR LOIN. I had in fact already heard of a Barony‡ in the House.

* Who, from his rank, might be "*of the Garter.*"

MER. W. OF WINDSOR, Act. 1st, Sc. 3d.

† *La Vedova scaltra.*

‡ BARON O' BEEF sometimes honours the Lord Mayor of London with his presence on Gala Days.

Whilst I am upon the subject of names, let me be permitted (though somewhat digressively,) to record an attempt of *Voltaire* at British Nomenclature. In one of his works he introduces an English Physician, by the style and title of *Doctor Goodnatured Well-wisher*. I believe it to be in the same production, in which *Mylord What-then* makes his appearance.

Will it be allowed me to lengthen my digression,—and confess that some years ago, (chez *Beauvilliers*, ou *Robert*,*) casting my eyes over the *Carte*,† I failed to recognise three English friends; under the disguises of *Carnebif*, *Bifstek*, and *Rosbif*.‡

But the most whimsical English name which ever was imposed, is the invention of the (in this respect unfortunate§) *Miss Bailie*;|| in one of whose Dramas we find *Amaryllis* perverted to a surname; and bestowed on one, of a different sex from her, whose praises employed the Muse of *Tityrus*, 'in days of yore.¶ In short, amongst her *Dramatis Personæ*, she in-

* Restaurateurs, residing in the *Palais Royal*, and *Rue de Richelieu*, or *de la Loi*.

† Bill of Fare.

‡ Corned Beef, Beef-Steak, and Roast Beef.

§ I allude to a Ballad, popular some years ago, under the name of "*Unfortunate Miss Bayley*."

|| Author of *Plays on the Passions*; and possessed of great pathetic powers.

¶ *Formosam resonare docet Amaryllida sylvas.*

roduces one *Mr. Amaryllis*, a Poet; and part of the humour (soi-disant) of the Piece consists in the blunders of a Maid-Servant, who is for ever calling him *Mr. Emeralds*. Now, were I* to assume *any* name, I must avow that, so long as I retained my gender, I should prefer the name of *Emeralds*, (as more masculine,) to that of *Amaryllis*.

But to resume Goldoni. In his comedy of *La Vedova Scaltra*, the Heroine, desirous to ascertain which of three *Aspirans* is most deserving of her hand, has recourse to the following expedient. The scene being laid in Venice, during the Carnival, she presents herself, disguised and masked, to all the suitors in succession; endeavouring, by her agaceries, to put the fidelity of each to a rigorous test. One of these,—viz. *Mylord Runebif*,—she assails in the costume of his Country. From her air he discovers that she is a woman of distinction; and from her dress and courtesy, (*riverenza*,†) more than suspects her to be English. This point, however, he is determined to make sure; and for this purpose you shall hear how he proceeds. The scene passes in the day-time, in the public street, and in the neighbourhood of a Coffee-house.‡ He inquires of the Mask if she

* The Anonymous.

† *S'avvanza, e fa una riverenza all' Inglese.*

‡ *Scena—Strada; con bottega di caffè, &cet.*

chooses coffee? *Fa cenno di no.* Chocolate? *The like.* Punch? *Fa cenno di si.* She instantly consents;—and conceiving himself to have now completely ascertained that she is his countrywoman, he immediately procures Punch from the adjoining Coffee-House; which she proceeds to tipple in the open street,* very frankly; and (as the Author no doubt supposes,) very characteristically withall; for the above scene is manifestly intended as a picture of English manners.

With another—and far more disgusting—sample of utter failure in foreign writers, to portray us, *Algarotti!*—the elegant† *Algarotti!* shall supply me. In perusing his *Congresso di Citera*, mentioned by *Gray* with approbation,‡ I,—with no small astonishment,—met a passage, to which I will rather guide, than directly refer my Reader. *Miladi Gravely*, the British Representative at this congress, having deplored the profligacy of the Youth in England, and roundly expressed the hopes in which she once indulged, that those maladies§ which were the con-

* *Volete caffè?* *Fa cenno di no.* *Ciocolata?* *Fa cenno di no.* *Volete poncé?* *Fa cenno di si.* *Oh! è Inglese! Portate Poncé:* (al Caffettiere :) *sedete, sedete.* (Le portano il poncé, ed essa beve.)

† As, unquestionably, he is.

‡ In a letter to *Mr. How.*

§ *Quasi Malori.*

sequence of their depraved intercourse with the abandoned of her sex, would recal them from these excesses, and restore the true spirit and ritual of amorous worship,—proceeds to state her disappointment, with allusions too indelicate and gross for me to quote; though they be such as no modest female could understand.—For a conclusion to this half-reference, I am disposed to borrow the words of *Lear*: “Fye, fye, fye! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.”

In lieu of civet, I will refer, for purification, to the elegant, interesting, moral, and pious works of *Madame de Genlis*; which, notwithstanding their various merits, furnish instances of failure to paint British manners with resemblance, or success.

I might allude to *Miss Bridget*;—the name selected for the English Governess of *Adele*;—to passages easily discoverable in *Les Vœux téméraires*;—or to *Albert's* letter from England, to *Pauline*.* But I choose rather to refer to *Les Souvenirs de Felicie*.

There, the Authoress informs us—that having declared “qu’ elle feroit volontiers un grand voyage, pour aller voir deux personnes, amies depuis long temps, par une veritable amitié,—he bien, Madame, reprit *Lord Castlereagh*,† allez à Langolen:

* In the admirable work, entitled *Les Mères Rivaies*.

† Thus I translate “M. Stuard, Fils aîné de Lord Londondery.”

Edward the First. And when, after all, he saw "the Poet," he was indebted for this vision to his Imagination; which bodying forth the forms of things unknown, he turned them to shapes,—beyond the ken of miladi Eleonore, or her romantick Guests;—unless we suppose these to have also drawn upon their Fancy.

But foreign Nations cannot be more unacquainted with the character of the English, than these latter are (in general) ignorant of the manners which distinguish Ireland. This ignorance, and the (I am sorry to be obliged to term it narrow and conceited) prejudice, from which it springs, have in our time been mischievously and provokingly fomented, by the appearance of the celebrated, or rather notorious *Castle Rackrent*;—a professed copy, whose original I have rarely, if ever, had a glimpse of: where I have, it has been an original—which this work grossly, and at the expense of all just similitude, caricatures: and yet what thus at best is but an exaggerated and buffoon portrait of manners, lurking in our remotest provinces, and confined to our inferior orders, is,—if not exhibited, at least received in England,—as a sketch of our general habits; and a picture, not of a past, but of the present time; not of the dregs, but of the higher classes of our people;—whilst the Irishman, who presumes to expostulate against this notion, is supposed to be blinded by his prejudice; or to be more patriotick than veracious.

But in fact, before the appearance of *Castle Rackrent*, the ignorance was such as scarcely to admit of, and not at all to require, increase.

About twelve years ago, I saw *Johnson* "enact," in London, what the Author and the Audience agreed to call the character of an Irish Servant. In a costume, far less Irish than Chinese,—with a vacant stare,—and countenance distorted to the expression of Fatuity,—the Performer made his first appearance in a thunder-storm of applause. The name of the Piece I have forgotten; nor is it worth remembering. But I recollect that one of the most facetious of its incidents is a portmanteau. From this, *Paddy* (soi-disant,) to the infinite comfort and amusement of *John Bull*, extracts several pieces of dry humour; to wit, (shall I say to wit?) a dozen or two of raw potatoes; which he is supposed to have packed up as necessaries, amongst his Master's clothes. Every potatoe, as it rolled successively along the stage; set the liberal and Attic spectators in a roar; so that I will venture to doubt whether their jaws could have been more fatigued, if they had actually eaten the crude contents of this Valise. I am informed that *Johnson* is now a highly correct and unexaggerating Representer of the Irish character; and that in this caution not to outstep Nature,*

* I dare not say "the *modesty* of Nature;" lest some sly Critick might remind me that it was of *Irish* Nature I was treating.

a considerable portion of his present excellence consists. What I have been recording—occurred many years ago; and even at that time I less condemned the Actor, than I blamed and scorned the prejudice, to which he was compelled to sacrifice his Country, and the Truth.

Gare! my English Brethren: I beseech you, *gare!* Otherwise,

he nuge seria ducent

In mala.

Paddy's sensibilities are quick: his heart is generous and warm. If he should find himself *derisum, exceptumque sinistré*, he might grow angry; and become estranged.

Believe me, you do not know him. You consider the Irish People as semi-barbarous;—when, without hesitation, I affirm that our lower Orders are *far more instructed than your own*. Nay, never stare! but rather investigate;—if your object be to ascertain the truth, or falsehood of this assertion.

I will close my paper with a well-known anecdote, of some antiquity; and a companion to it, of very modern date.

1. About forty years ago, an English Judge or Lawyer, being appointed Chancellor of Ireland, wrote to Dublin, to have a house taken for him in that City; at the same time entreating that if a slated house could be procured, his should not be a thatched

one. If the injunction had been reversed, he could not have been gratified: none of those *Chaumieres*, which he supposed to be so common, being to be found in our Irish Metropolis at the time.

What *Paris* was in the reign of *Charlemagne*, is described by *Ariosto*, in the following lines:

*Le case eran, per quel che se n' intende
Quasi tutte di legno, in quell'è tempi.*

But he takes care to add,

*E ben creder si può: ch' in Parigi ora,
De le dieci le sei son così ancora.*

I imagine that no person who has seen Dublin, at any time within the last thirty years, could (on *Ariosto's* grounds of inference,) be made to believe—that, even a century ago, the Chancellor of Ireland would be there in danger of residing under thatch.

2. In the year eighteen hundred and——, a Lord Lieutenant's chief Secretary, after a residence of some months in Ireland, very seriously observed—that “he found the people justify, very fully, the character for hospitality, which they had acquired. One thing only” (he added,) “much surprised him:—that, at the various entertainments to which he had been invited, by no chance had he ever met with any Whiskey Punch!”

M.

NUMBER XLVII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1808.

A B C's
MASQUERADE;

A NARRATIVE IN VERSE:

BY GIMEL BETHALEPH,

A S S.

" Si quid est in me ingenii—Judices, vel in primis hic A* fructum ejus à me repetere, propé suo jure debet. Quæso itaque à vobis ut me patiamini de studiis LITERARUM paulo loqui liberius: quod si mihi tribui, concedique sentiam, perficiam ut hunc A* non modo non segregandum, cum sit civis, verum etiam, si non esset, putetis asciscendum fuisse. Pudeat, si qui ita se literis abdiderunt, ut nihil possint ex HIS in aspectum lucemque proferre: me autem quid pudeat, si ex his delectatio peteretur?—Res ornant: DELECTANT DOMI: PERNOCTANT NOBISCUM."

CIC: ORAT: PRO ARCHIA.

* So in the original: an Initial only.

TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND,

&c. &c. &c.

MADAM,

There are two objections to my inscribing the following what-may-I-call-it? to your Grace: for first and certainly it is a trifle, wholly unworthy of your acceptance; and secondly, by being a Duchess, you lose—not indeed the reality, but—the style and title, of XLNC; which would give fair and LITERAL pretensions to a dedication of this kind. But perhaps it is well for me that Excellency is merged in Grace;—as this latter quality may lead to your accepting with indulgence the following tribute,—though it be but a toy-tribute,—of my respect. If however your Grace should reject—what it is indeed presumptuous to offer,—I must in that case point my diverted—and I hope diverting—supplications to the Countess of SX; whose literary claims—to having such pages as mine laid humbly at her feet—can be overlooked by none, who consider her Ladyship's TITLE with attention.

*And here closing my respectful apologies, and timid
offers to your Grace,—and my provisional dedica-
tion to the noble Countess,—I subscribe myself,*

Au pied de la lettre,

In the first instance your Grace's,

And in the second place her Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

GIMEL BETHALEPH.

A S S.

BRAY,
Sep. 20th, 1808.

A B C's

MASQUERADE.

"Is there ever a man in all" England,*—(I doubt,—)
Who has not heard of PEACOCK's feather'd rout?
It caused indeed a wonderful sensation;
Producing universal dissipation:

* Johnny Armstrong.

So wide forsooth the gay contagion spread,
To beast, fish, insect,—even flowers, it sped;*
And having thus through living nature past,
Reach'd (never stare!) the ALPHABET at last;
Who, made to tell so oft the brilliant story,
Grew emulous themselves of *party* glory: 10
And pr'ythee does not many a splendid Name
In politicks, pursue this road to fame?
Such fame as satisfies the low ambition
Of modern wights!—But hold! this is digression:
Which being a trope† that should not much prevail,
Return we to our Alphabet, and tale.
In ancient HORN-BOOK the JUNTA met;
But not to lose the moments in debate;
For soon *nem: con:* the brisk decree was made,
That A B C should give a Masquerade. 20
One, ere the rule pronounced, one only speech
Was made, by an *aspiring* youngster, H;
Though pursuivant ETCET proclaimed 'twere better
Be silent; for in truth he was no Letter.
H, never Harkening, stoutly Hum'd and Ha'd;
And Coughers-down by his *rough spirit* awed:
“Heigh! Ho!” He cried, “shall gaiety, spread o'er
“The world, glad all but our dull Twenty Four!

* Elephant's Ball, Feast of the Fishes, Butterfly's Ball,
Grasshopper's Feast, Rose's Breakfast, &c. &c.

† Or turning—aside from the main subject.

" And we, who find amusement for so many,
 " Ourselves be cruelly deprived of any? 30
 " What, *Conscript Fathers*, though we be not Birds!
 " Our progeny are wing'd—air-wafted WORDS :*
 " From age to age who fly ;—from pole to pole ;—
 " The scarce corporeal messengers of SOUL :
 " Whom vainly rigorous winds of arctos freeze ;
 " Again made vocal by the vernal breeze :†
 " Whom to consume—in vain an OMAR‡ tries ;
 " Since Phoenix-like from barbarous flames they rise.
 " Then as they can with safety, let them roam ; 39
 " While, like domestic PEACOCKS, we're AT HOME.
 " And should SIR ARGUS our just claims§ assail,
 " What can he throw into the adverse scale, }
 " Save flimsy feathers, pluckt from his own tail ? }
 " Nay, in this very tail, what is 't we prize ?
 " What but yourselves LORDS VOWELS? what
 " but I s ?
 " Thus be it known to PEACOCK, IN HIS PRIDE,||
 " His brightest honours are by us supplied.

* *Epea pteroenta.*

† For the anecdote here alluded to, of the congelation and thaw of words, I am to refer my Reader to the 254th Number of the Tattler.

‡ The Caliph who caused the Alexandrian library to be burned. H, in the next line, seems to make good his assertion, that Letters are the progenitors of (as it were) Birds.

§ To being Fashionables, and giving parties like himself.

|| Heraldic terms.

" But vain as bright: can he this plumage eat?*"

" Will't for his party 'furnish forth' a treat?

" H (I mean Horace) tells us that who try it, 50

" Will find a feather-fricassée poor diet.—

" What *are* your feathers good for, PAVO?—nought:

" A very goose-quill, in the hands of SCOTT,

" *Spell-bound*, shall shame the gaudiest you have got; }

" And trace a radiance to the mental eye,

" With which thy rain-bow lustres cannot vie;

" Whileas he wins his liquid way divine,

" With loftier wing, and comelier *feet* than thine.—

" Then—as for voice, you surely will not try

" To match the music of his minstrelsy: 60

" For should you once turn songster, much I dread,

" E'en like the Raven,† you might lose your bread."—

Here, Hoarse, and Heaving, H, ex-Hausted-said,

" To sum up all,—let's give a Masquerade."—

M, A, S, Q, with U, and R, D, E,

Declared, for their parts, they would all agree:

• ————— num vesceris istâ

Quam laudas—plumâ?——————I ask your Grace's (not the Duke's) pardon, for having written latin in this, and greek in a former note; and for any future transgressions of the like nature, which may occur.

† Or Crow; I forget which. See *Æsop*.—I am afraid, on recollection, it was cheese this Dupe lost, in his vain attempt to sing. But he had nothing else to eat; and therefore it was his Bread:—not his PANIS, but his PENUS.—Cic. de naturâ deorum: l. 2. cap. 27.

The rest concurr'd: no *Mutes*: none ventured nay:
 Vowels and all were *Consonants* that day;
 With letter'd din that rung the Horned Hall; 69
 "Question! th' *AYES* have it: quick! a *Fancy Ball*!"—
 "Nonsense!" the Critick mutters: but he cries:
 For what are *Letters*, pray, but *Characters*?
 Then leave, smart Sir, such cavils to your *Betters*:
 Those *Sages*, I would say, who know their letters.—
 And now (the Muse with epic ardour sings,)
 Rush we at once into the midst of things:
 Suppose the day arrived; the *Maskers* all
 Arrayed; and gathered in CONUNDRUM HALL.
 First the *Directors** moved into the room;
 Attired in *Abissinian* costume: 80
 What was it? gentle Reader—your excuse;
 For this you needs must be refer'd to *BRUCE*†;
 But none could plan (let this suffice for me),
 A dress more suitable to *A B C*.—
 Next *H*,—already *Here* of my song,—
 Arrived, in Habit of an *Aspirant*:
 Heigh-hoing, heaving, heart-stricken, admiring,
 And, in due form, at every word *expiring*:
 Ask you for whom these burning sighs he drew?
 Fair Reader she deserved them:—'twas for *U*. 90

* *A*, *B*, and *C*.—

† Commonly, I apprehend, called *Abissinian*, or, as it is sometimes spelt, *Abissinian Bruce*.

Yet, weary of the lover's* mood at last,
 Forth from the Revelries our Moaner pass'd;
 And changed his dress; returning with one I;
 The rougher part of H—annibal to try.—
 D was a Dun; but voted such a Bore,
 That he was fairly turned out of door;
 And his pride fallen, and humbled, by the blow,
 Came back a simple, squeaking Domino:
 For Impudence,—with all it's vaunted ease,— 99
 Once scared, is mum† and mawkish as you please.
 Two Ds I know;‡—but dare not mention whom;—
 That would have been the Favourites of the room:
 But one wo'n't wear a mask: quite undisguised;—
 For manly frankness, sense, and firmness prized:
 More charming th'other;—but,(and here's th'ænigma;)
 To whom all manliness would be mere stigma.—
 'Tis no transition,—t'Ireland,—from these:
 At least not greater than from Ds to Es:
 Lo! E so well a maid of Erin play,
 That all who heard—mistook for sister A. 110
 Dear Maids! 'mid thousand *natural* blessings, given
 Your *generous* Land, the last,§ best boon of Heaven!—

* If Hypercriticism should object that I am confounding ASPIRANT with AMANT, I reply (*confound* such Criticks!) that H being my subject, I could not easily avoid it.

† Vulgariter for silent. For the probable etymology, see Dunciad, b. 2, l. 385.

‡ Perhaps the D and D of R.

§ Considering the rapid increase of female beauty, which I
take

F was a Fidler :—well supported ?—no :
 The Fellow had but two strings to his bow.
 G was a Gallant General :—his name ?—
 Inquire of India, Portugal, and Fame :—
 Ask of HER, who drooping now no more,
 Fear-smiling,* counts her hero's laurels o'er :—
 At wary distance N M E came on ;
 Muffled in mantle of NAPOLEON ; 120
 But his mock Majesty—the JUNTA stout
 Detected, foil'd, and fairly hustled out.
 J (I mean JOE,) ran after him, be sure ;
 But first, 'tis said, stole half the furniture.
Here beaten as JOE,—J starts as Junot *there* ;
 But W† soon made him disappear ;
 Nor needed gallant M, to press upon his rere. }

take to have been latterly remarkable in Ireland, this expression might be almost taken literally ;—as, in so LITERAL a work as this, it seems desirable that every expression could be taken.—But I mean to praise more than the form of WOMAN in Ireland.

* *Dakruoen gelasasa*.—If a good wife be a Phoenix, we, in Ireland, know in what park she should reside. It is undoubtedly from mistaking them from Phoenixes, that some tenderly partial husbands would be so well content to have their old wives burned.—At the time when this account of the Alphabetic Revels was written, V—sc—s W—nge—a resided in the Phoenix Park.

† My Readers, with reason, may suspect that, notwithstanding appearances, this is the same *Character*, already noticed in line 115. But we know that what was G upon the Continent, almost uniformly becomes W, on returning into England ; as

we

No aids, in brief, no counsellors had he,
 Save his own Y, Z: and cool N R G.
 Yet, (although sans m'etonner, still with pain,*) 130
 A *glimpse* I had of N V in his train:
 Pain,—to observe—what yet I knew full well;—
 N V will follow all that aim t' X L.
 Perhaps you think J's gone *for good*† away:
 Not so: for (presto!) he *returns*,‡ a Jay:
 Ce qui veut dire un François; ou à peu près.

we perceive in the cases of Guerre, Guillaume, and Gardien; which, when they come home, and have shuffled off French habits, take up their English garb, of War, William, and Warden.—I have therefore, in line 126, merely brought our Hero home: a step, which—whatever others may think of it,—the lady mentioned in line 117, will not condemn as premature.

* Here the Narrator seems to have forgotten the position which he himself,—in line 72,—laid down; and in short appears *not to know his own letters*.—He ought to have assuaged his pain, by recollecting that, at least on this occasion, they were but *Characters*.

† *Cui Bono?* may be asked, in every meaning of the question. For—first, on what *good* errand could a Frenchman, in the confidence of Napoleon, go?—and secondly, to what *good* (British) purpose, let this bird in the hand, (J) escape from Portugal?

‡ That he returns out of feather, though not with his wings clipp'd, (for these are merely instruments of flight,) the Empire owes to Ireland: and Ireland to A: W:—but, that he returns at all, is—I trust—to be ascribed to others. If left to himself, the *British worthy* would probably have borne in mind the compliant dispositions, which are characteristick of Junot's country;—"and bid him go to H—ll: to H—ll he goes."—Would he had been AW'd into such desirable con—descension!

But how returns our J? not in full feather:
 For why,—his Master's near th' end of his tether.—
 K.

NUMBER XLVIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1808.

MASQUERADE CONTINUED.

—de T

Fabula narratur.

HOR.

But whom do I see yonder? just come in?

SIR TEAGUE O'MEGA* from sweet N N: 140

"Arragh Sir Teague, and how is all in Munster?"†—

"Ogh! pure and hearty; thank you Mr. Punster."—

* A very ancient family, which came originally with Cadmus, Bull—and—Europe-hunting, from Phenicia. The O'MEGA's first settled in Bœotia; a country which derives its name from Bos; and which though some Geographers describe as situate in Greece, the infallible POPE (Dunciad, b. 1. l. 25.) pronounces to be Ireland. The family of the O'MEGA's continue to bear Bull's horns for their crest: Ω.

† Here the Interrogator seems guilty of an Ana—cher—ism. NN, the metropolis, is not situated in Munster. But Sir Teague might have left his family, or some near friends, in that Province.

"And what brings you, Sir Teague, among us here?"—

"Who? Me? —I'm come to *larn* my Letters, *Dear* :

"And then I'll go to Spain, to my Relations ;

"To fight a bit : you know they 're all Milesians.

"Oh ! them 's the real sort of Irishmen !

"Troth it's a pity they were born in Spain.*

"I *dunna*† what the Div—I's *come over* O'FARRELL :

"Faith, if I meet him, we'll be apt to quarrel.— 150

"As for the French blackguards, I know them well :

"Give them an Inch my Dear, they'll take an L :

"But they'll get nothing from the DONS,—barr'n'

"Cody :‡

"The D—v—I a such a Bridge§ in SPAIN, as

"LODI."—||

* It may be worth remembering here—that Spain is remarkable for *Bulls* and *Bull-fights* ; and that the difference is merely literal between *Ibernia* and *Iberia*. Sir Teague therefore seems piously intent "*antiquæ succurrere matri*."

† DUNNA—Hibernicè for *Don't know*. O'FARRELL—an Irish Don, and General,—who attached himself to the French (or rather Napoleon) interests in Spain.

‡ BARR'N' Hibernicè for *Barring* ; and used for *Except* ; or the *But* which Horne Tooke analyses into *Be out*.—CODY perhaps untranslatable ; but I hope not unintelligible. It seems to mean something compounded of drubbing, discomfiture, punishment, and disgrace.

§ La deussus—voyez DU PONT.

|| SIR TEAGUE'S speech resembles nothing in *rerum naturâ*. No Irish Gentleman (in the Annotator's memory,) ever held
such

A truce with laughter : *—O, P, lo ! appears,
 As Sire and Daughter† to demand your tears ;
 And though too piercing be the woe she draws,
 Heart-conquering‡ pathos must attract applause.—
 But now, (for Grief makes so exceeding thirsty,§
 That, like Ratsbane, an over-dose might burst ye, 160
 The whole assembly call'd aloud for T :
 The room was lock'd :—where art thou, truant K ?
 THE PEACOCK, *with his train* of jealous Spies,||
 Came as P, O,—'tis thought; (a quaint disguise !)

such language;—the terms of which are, on the contrary, picked up from the unclean idiom of *our lowest orders*. But, on the other hand, when did any one see in an English novel, or hear on the English stage, an Irishman (though of rank,) speak without gross vulgarities of expression, and of accent?—(which latter can be in some degree represented upon paper.)—On the authority of novels and farces then, this speech of Sir Teague is framed; and the *Gentleman Paddy* of the circulating library, and of the stage, is such a whimsical and pleasant creature, that I almost lament he is not to be found elsewhere.

* Perhaps the poor Author is *ridiculously* mistaken, in supposing that there has been any.

† See an affecting tale, call'd "the Father and Daughter;" written by MRS. OPIE.

‡ I might perhaps have written *Heart-rending*;—but "for fear of the Critick;—the *white Handkerchief*;"—and the *Finches of the grove*."

§ "*Sorrow is dry*;"—sayth the Adage.

|| In number a hundred; as we learn from Ovid. It is remarkable that these Peacock honours are of *literary* origin: for we

And the prevailing whisper is, that he
 Spitefully* lock'd the door; and K—idnapp'd K.
 "Shame on such shabby tricks!"—the Maskers cry:
 Th' indignant roofs reverberated—"Φ"!—†
 But what for this cares ARGUS? Not a pin:
 Therefore don't scold;—but, if you can, get in.—
 First, his athletic powers of forcing—tries 171
 One W;‡ and THEREFORE *twice your size*.

we learn from the same poet, that Sir Argus is indebted for them to I, O: a circumstance to which H omitted to advert, (and his *spiritual* lordship was wrong to pass it by,) in his speech to the Vowels and Consonants in Hornbook assembled. But perhaps there may enter somewhat of enmity into my sentiments towards Peacock, from my recollecting that he is the Bird of JUNO—T, to a T.

* At once jealous of this literary competition; choqué at mere Gens de lettres making any fashionable pretensions; and, it may be, irritated by H's Tirade, alluded to in the last note.

† A Greek letter; pronounced PHI or FY.—I am aware of Counsel's being of opinion that the pronunciation should be FEE—By the way, the narrative seems,—in this line,—to insinuate what may be doubted; viz. that the architecture of Conundrum Hall was Grecian. I rather think I can there discern the Gothic Arch; and even not in it's purest style. I at present recollect but one Conundrum, or Equivoque, of Greek construction. I mean that celebrated asylum, named (or unnamed) OUTRIS, in which Ulysses found shelter from the wrath of Polypheme.

‡ The Reader at once perceives that this personage is not the character alluded to in lines 115 and 126. The one now before us, and who is represented as conducting the storm of
Tea-fort,

As Bustling BOTTOM, B, in "*Ercles vein*,"*
 Declared—for breaking doors—he was the man;—
 And join'd W; crying—"T, 'tis all a joke,
 "To Think To shut ME out, by sporting oak."—
 While these thump'd on their thundering enterprise,
 Sore labouring,—certain others—(they were Y Y;†)
 Ran to hard C;—K's common Coadjutor;‡
 Who, the door opening, ended all the clutter. 180

Tea-fort, is styled "*one W* ; and therefore appears, on the very face of the description, to be un *Quidam* ; though from the courage and vigour, (yet not F, E, K, C,) which in his humbler province he displays, we may suppose him to belong to that clan, of which the W noticed in line 126 is Chief. For be it here, in the way of explanation, and once for all, observed—that as in Scotland there are many Douglasses, Gordons, Campbells, Lindsays, &c.—even so in the Alphabetic, or Pictish realms, there be various Ws, Ns, Ms, &c. &c.

* "*This is Ercles' vein*,"—says Bottom ; Mids : N : Dream, —Act 1. Sc: 2..

† Y has long been celebrated for being,—even singularly,—wise. He was, in honour of Pythagoras, called the Samian letter ; and employed by that Philosopher, (as a sort of Usher,) to instruct his Scholars ; by an emblematic indication of the different, and diverging roads of Vice and Virtue." *Et tibi quæ Samios deduxit Litera ramos.*" Pers.

‡ C and K share between them the intimacy and confidence of those three distinguished Characters, A, O, and U.—Some MSS read "*ran hard to C*:" but I prefer the present reading. It was evidently intended to insinuate that C was *un peu dur* ; and was even indebted to this *dureté*, for his participations with K, in the acquaintance and favour of A, O, U. *En un môt, il s'agit d'un caractère prononcé.*

Thither, attracted by the recent din,
 With twinkling feet, light bound, and writhing mien,* }
 Skipp'd *airy*† H; return'd as HARLEQUIN;
 And with his lath converted—(strange to utter!)
 B, Bottom (versatile,‡) to B—read-and-B—utter.

* The curvatures and wriggling gestures of Harlequin are well known to all who have had the good fortune to see this nimble and freakish gentleman. The forms and postures (as might be expected,) of the Italian *H*—give the best—though an imperfect notion, of the attitudes and contours of his Compatriot, ARLECCHINO.—The wisdom of this active personage may be best collected from the title of MOTLEY, which we find bestowed on him in line 186.

Jaques.—“*A Fool! a Fool! I met a fool i' the forest:*

“*A MOTLEY fool!*”—

As you like it.

But perhaps I do *the Italian* wrong. If FLORIAN's *Arlequin* be a good copy of him, he must be admitted to be a whimsical and pleasant composition, of peculiar, droll, and amiable simplicity.

† A most happy and appropriate Epithet; and perfectly suited to the *aspiring* nature of this rather *spiritual* than literary Lord.—I am indebted for this remark, to an alphabetical Grand D.

‡ If any Reader doubts the versatility of *Bottom*, he needs only to consult the *Midsummer-night's Dream*; where he will find this universal Genius ready to undertake the dissimilar characters, of Thisbe, Pyramus, and Lion; and, in the latter of these parts, to execute a bravura, on which CATALANI could not venture; by roaring (which she never did,) “*an 'twere any nightingale*; and withall, “*as gently as a sucking-dove*.”—By the way, BOTTOMS are apt to think themselves TIP-TOPS.

At Wizard MOTLEY's heels, with Q-rious phyzz,
 Caper'd Clown Q; incomparable Quiz!
 Gamboling, with pye* in hand;—'till, like JACK

HORNER,

He gain'd his Queer old station,—*in the Corner.*

But, nearly à propos of *gamboling*, 190

(For of—strike out an O,—the very thing;)

A guest meanwhile proposed to play at loo;

(A GREEK he was;) and DELT—A† hand or two;

But soon the Maskers, tea and tattle done,

Rose from their Bottoms,‡ to resume their fun:

* This is manifestly a mistake. It should be the greek letter Π ; pronounced PYE: and equivalent to our P; who being Q's next door neighbour, they may be supposed to have enter'd hand-in-hand. The Copyist was probably misled by JACK HORNER; and by recollecting how this

" *Little Jack Horner*

" *Sat in THE CORNER;*

" *Eating a Christmas PYE.*"

As to Q's title to this snug place, what child is ignorant of it? or has ever heard him described otherwise than as "Q in ~~the~~ corner?"

† Your Grace may possibly require to be informed, first—that the *Greek* is a *Cast* of the gambling tribes,—of more scruple, and less proficiency than the *Black legs*;—and secondly,—that DELTA, (whom your Grace might have mistaken for an Egyptian,) is Δ ; (which again, is not a pyramid, but the greek D.)—It may be also mentioned here, that *Omega* Ω , (see line 140) is likewise a greek letter.

‡ That is to say, their petits pains, or bread and butter; into which, *Bottom* (line 185,) had been changed.—The metre not permitting

And to the motley, mimick scene again

Rushing, N U the comedy began.

Fleet through the mingling crowd I O U steals ;

R S T U close following at his heels :

Well acted, Debtor ! but give o'er your grief : 200

Behold R S Q come to your relief,

A BUT next : "*charming !*" the gazers cry :

" And mark the one beside her : what an I !"—

" *Why then, upon my conscience now, you're blind :*

" *The finest lady of them all's behind :*

" *Ogh ! GRAMMA—chree herself was ! look again :*

" *You see you're blind : the foremost two's her*

" *train.*"—*

permitting to write Bread-and-Butter, the poet has substituted the *Patronymick*,—Bottom.

* This speech is manifestly put into the mouth of SIR TRAGUE O'MEGA ; (of whom by the way it is, that—in one sense of the letters,—our Author seems most disposed to make A BUT ;) and in it's four lines may be thought to comprise three Bulls. But the first that I shall notice,—which consists in the postponement of a lady to her train,—is properly (or else improperly) speaking, no more than that figure of Rhetorick, which we call the *Preposterous*. The consequence of the present Hystero-pteron would, in practice, be found to be far less awkward and inconvenient, than those which might arise from putting the cart before the horse. Besides, I have actually more than once beheld the phenomenon of a lady's train before her. I confess indeed, that what I saw was not a living—but a muslin train. I also admit the proceeding to be quite *inconsequential*; and that, as Thames should ever keep within his banks,

What tower-crown'd Cybele is this I ken? ah!

Proud seat of Empire once! reduced VNA! 209

Join—not our Fancy,—but terrestrial Ball:

Wake! arm! arise! at struggling EUROPE's call! }

Old AUSTRIA's rise is new NAPOLEON's fall! }

Look Southward: lo, his treacheries—and rout!

The sky then let thy Northern banners flout:

Bold Germany and ardent Spain between,

Haste, hem the' almost toil-taken Monster in:

Renounce all timorous counsels; petty quarrels;

Foul traitor MACK replace—with Hero CHARLES;

And for the former mock XLNC

Burn him;—if not alive,—in F, E, G.— 220

But now enough to AUSTRIA has been said:

Return we then,—from MACK, to MASQUERADE.—

banks, so ladies ought ever to keep before their trains.—The two remaining Bulls I am content to sacrifice. It is unpardonable to call on "*the Blind*" to "*look again*." But Sir Teague does even worse. He requires of these Avengers to "*see that they are blind*." Now who, ever, even *figuratively*, discern'd his own blindness? tho' his beam may not prevent his undertaking to detect the slightest mote in a brother's eye!—From Sir T's preference of the *towering* presence and undoubted *urbanity* of the lady VNA, to the over forward pretensions of her train, we may surmise that this worthy Baronet had, like many of his brave countrymen, been in the Austrian service;—tho' from his exclamation, "*what tower-crown'd*," &c. Mr. Bethaleph seems indeed to share his admiration.—It now only remains for me to apprise your Grace that GRAMMA is greek for LETTER; and *gra-ma-chree* Irish for *dear to my heart*: grata meq cordi.

MD was there ; and like—wise LLD ;
 Yet did not these mock “ *Doctors Disagree*.*
 In letter’d pomp, them follow’d FRS ;
 And, from the tombs emerging, MSS ;
 Worm-eaten, mouldering, wan, abstruse in vain,
 For Vampire† Critick’s use dug up again !
 Whom thus revisiting the glimpse of dawn,
 The whole Assembly welcomed with a yawn ! 230
 With wide Hiatus, these to each reply ;
 Gaping—“ye—e ba—arbarous Criticks,—l-et us die !
 “ And if on scribbling—bent, alas ! ye be,
 “ Evoke us not ; but write our L, E, G !‡—
 And now, of mockery tired, and mazy dance,
 To supper the fantastick tribes advance ;
 Where, plain T reigning, MT there was none.—§
 This—if not weighty—festive business done,

* “ Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree !—*Pope*.

† “ A past, *vamped*, future, old, revived, new piece.”—*ibid*.

‡ MSS appear to have sustain’d their character very naturally ; and with becoming pathos. If Hiatus mean yawn, it may be added—with *much spirit*.

§ This repast must not be confounded with that cannibal and scrambling supper, at which A did not eat, but (Polonius-like) was eaten ; and (Actæon-like, withal,) devoured by his own followers. That was an indecent as well as cruel meal ; in which tho’ C and D had the trouble of carving and distributing the patisserie, and tho’ for a moment, G and H got and had their share, yet Epicure E, in the End, Engross’d the Entire ; except the morsel snatched away by B.—By the way, that proceeding

"Comtesse d'O's* carriage stops the way!"—
t' undress

The frolick troop adjourns,—without XS: 240

Yet part not, 'till to other each can say,

In truth and language infantine,—“Day! Day!”—†

of B, towards metamorphosed A, is by many considered to have been an unneighbourly act; (yet who, now-a-days, will hesitate to bite his neighbour?) and it is even thought that H's transformation of B into Bread and Butter—was meant as just retaliation.

* Your Grace (of Aubigny? am I not right?) will not require to be informed that O was not the mere Initial, but the whole of a genuine title: and Madame la Comtesse d'O a real personage, under the old regime of France.

† I confess I do not know how this infantine *Adieu* is spelt; nor whether the childish farewell,—Deh! Deh! (if this be the orthography,) is peculiar to Ireland.—As for “Day! Day!” it shews this literary society to have kept the promise which their motto made. *Per noctant nobiscum.*

K

RETROUVÉ.

Line 129. Wise head.

140. Dublin.

172. Double you.

197. Anew.

199. Arrest he you.

201. A Rescue.

237. Plenty.

Page 27, Note 1st—The learned Reader needs not to be informed that this note alludes to that celebrated and riotous grammatical entertainment, in which A (*tant pis pour lui*), was an Apple-pye; which B bit; C cut; D divided; E eat; F fought for; G for a moment got; H for an instant had: &c. &c. As for the fate of A, it is the less extraordinary,—because we all know that

“ *Apple pye is very good :*
indeed—“ *So is venison pasty :*
“ *And—&c. &c.*

P. S.

Prosodians, Peccavi: I have been guilty of a false quantity: nay, stranger, I have been so, from attention to the quantity—of my verse. In a word, I have made *Ωμυγα Ωμυγα*.—But *Εφελος* transplanted into Ireland, are apt to spread to *Ητρας*. Besides, perhaps in line 208 I have made terrible compensation.

I have lately heard it said, that A. W. pronounces the convention of Cintra to have been, under the circumstances, expedient.—*Soit*. But does he extend his approbation to those measures, or omissions, which gave birth to circumstances that could render so lame and impotent a conclusion thus expedient? Does he pronounce that it would have been expedient in the moment of victory,—on the twenty-first?

K.

NUMBER XLIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1808.

Nec meus hic sermo est ; sed quem præcepit Ofellus ;
Rusticus. HOR.

No bull, that thro' this number bellows,
Is of the true Hibernian breed :
For as to country cousin O'Fellus,
He a Milesian ! He indeed !

To the Anonymous.

SIR,

THE following are not Irish, but exotick bulls.

I. *Cowper*, in a letter to *the Reverend Walter Bagot*, writing of *Doctor Maty*, describes him as
“ a critical character in all it's forms :—*acute*,—*sour*,
—and *blunt*.”

Quere,—could an *Irishman*, without a bull, bestow
on the same individual the appellations,—*sharp*, and
blunt ?

II. “ *Puisse ce sentiment, que je vous inspire,*

"durer autant que ma vie! dit Corinne;—ou, *du moins*, puisse ma vie ne pas durer plus que lui!"*

To me now it appears, that if the sentiment endured as long as Corinne's life, she could run no risk whatever of surviving it;—and therefore that the *Du moins* of the above paragraph is no better than a bull.

III. "Or *taste the smell of Dairy.*" THOMPSON.

The above is beautifully expressive. But it is nevertheless a Bull; and would be sacrificed as such at once, if a poor Irishman had used it.

IV. In *Stella's* lines to *Swift*, the following couplet involves a very distinguished bull; unless we interpret the Authoress to have desired that the Dean should die on the very day, on which this poem, (wishing him long life,) was written.

"To bear with dignity my sorrow,
"One day alone; and die *to-morrow*."

Mrs. Johnson's only excuse, for thus confounding *Demain* with *Le Lendemain*, must be that she had been resident in Ireland for some years. The mere substitution of *the* for *to* would remove the blunder.

* Mme. de Stäel.

V. "Vale igitur mi Cicero;" (writes Tully to his son;) tibique persuade—esse te quidem mihi *carissimum*; sed multo fore *cariorem*, si &cet. &cet. " &cet."

Here we have *dearer* than *dearest*.

In another of his letters (to *Terentia*) we have *Miserrimo Miserior*.

In a *Roman*, these are Hyperboles: in an *Irishman*, they would be Bulls.

VI. If the following passage from an absurd, and undeservedly celebrated work, (I mean the *Voyage de Paris à Saint Cloud*,) be denied to contain a Bull, I should be glad that the deniers would favour us with a translation. "Henriette me faisoit voir, *aujourd'hui* son potager; *demain* sa vigne; *après-demain* son champ; &c. &c."

Transpose the order of the sentences; and it may stand thus: "Henriette me *faisoit voir demain* son potager; &c. &c."

Granted, that we understand what the Author would say: but a similar defence might be made for every (or almost every) Bull. To the insufficiency of a vindication, which, by proving too much, becomes altogether inadmissible, I shall have occasion, in the course of this letter, to recur.

VII. In England, the following monumental effu-

sion was at one time, (and perhaps still is) to be found.—The widower speaks.

“ O cruel death ! how could you be so unkind,

“ As to take her before,—and to leave me behind?

“ Better it were—have taken both,—if either :

“ Which would have been more agreeable to the Survivor !”

Tristram Shandy's Father never analysed his griefs, with more metaphysical subtilty, than this disconsolate poet has displayed. The taking his wife *before*—appears, from her epitaph, to have been an affliction which, in common with many husbands, he might have borne with resignation. But Death, not content with taking her *before*, commits the cruel aggravation of leaving him *behind*; and this latter part of the calamity he is not sufficiently *pétri* of the marital spirit—to endure. The picture contained in the two concluding lines, which represent a husband departing this life *along with* a chere moitié, whom he contrives (notwithstanding) *to survive*, is one of inimitable, and even somewhat mysterious and abstruse refinement.*

VIII. In the third of his *Moral Essays*, (as he has been pleased to call them,) POPE complains of a young Spendthrift, that he

“ Mistook reverse of *Wrong* for *Right*.”

* Perhaps it may be thought to justify the *Du moins* of Me. de Stäel.

But the error is the Poet's; and consists in his supposing that the Reverse of *Wrong* can be anything but *Right*. Prodigality is indeed the opposite to Avarice; but they are both species of the one genus, *Wrong*;—the reverse of which, in the abstract, (as observed already) must be *Right*. Pope might as well accuse one of mistaking reverse of Black for White. Unquestionably we perceive what the Author was about. He may be said (in his own phrase) to have "blunder'd round about a meaning." But where is the Bull, from which we cannot extract a signification? *Procumbet humi*;—let him once be sacrificed; and I am content that, in his entrails, the soothsayers should divine a meaning.

We know that the single soldier, who boasted of having *surrounded* the guard which he made prisoners, intended to assert no more than that he had *circumvented* them.*—When, in your last Number, we find *Sir Teague O'Mega* cry,

"You see you're blind,"

we are aware that by *see*, he would express *perceive*; and when the same Original Personage, is represented as saying of the Spaniards,

"Oh! them's the real sort of Irishmen!

"Troth it's a pity they were born in Spain!†

* See Number VI.

† A B C's Masquerade; Number XLVIII.

we know he means that their courage and patriotism are so truly Irish, that 'tis pity the Possessors do not crown all, by having derived their birth from a country, the characteristic qualities of whose population their sentiments so much resemble.

Nay, a Bull, so far from being destitute, may be brim-full of meaning; and *snatch*, if not a *grace*, a strength and significancy, *beyond the reach of Art*. Indeed this *Taurine* privilege—you, Sir, yourself have noticed, in your sixth Number; and in the following words. “These Catachreses (as, in Bæotia, Bulls “have usually been called,) were very apt to ram-
“ble; and puzzle and lead astray those who attempt-
“ed to *apprehend* them. Yet, in some of these ex-
“travagancies, they are reputed to *have fallen upon*
“*matters of INEXPRESSIBLE value; and to which*
“*the ordinary and beaten path** would never have
“*conducted*.—Some also were enveloped with
“considerable *brightness*.” &cet.†

To return:—when the true Hibernian talked of “letting his hands go barefoot,”—we knew that he merely intended to declare against the future use of gloves. But, nevertheless, we conceive him to have uttered—if not a roaring bull,—one calculated however to set others in a roar.

* Of Expression.

† Perhaps arising from the wit which they contained.

When the late *Sir Boyle Roche*, of truly Irish memory, assured the House of Commons that "the best mode of *avoiding* danger—was to *meet* it," he expressed, inaccurately, a brave, *intelligible*, and not unimportant truth; and one not widely different from *Livy's* observation, that *vitando feré, in media fata ruimus*.—But yet it will not, surely, be disputed—that the worthy Baronet mounted his dashing Truth upon a Bull!

He was a worthy, and a witty Man. Perhaps, Sir, you will consider the following anecdote as sufficiently proving the latter part of my assertion. Some sharp words having arisen, in the course of a debate, between him and a gentleman who opposed the party which Sir Boyle supported, the Adversary took occasion to observe, with emphasis, that *he was the guardian of his own honour*. To this observation the old Baronet, with great *sang-froid*, replied,—by *congratulating his opponent on the sinecure place which he had obtained*.

One more Irish incident; and I have done.

Above twenty years ago, I happened to be present at the decision of a cause, in the Court of Admiralty of this Country. It had been a proceeding against one ship,* for running down another. The judgment begun in nearly the following words. "Not-

* In the Admiralty, all proceedings are *in rem*.

“withstanding the length of argument which has
“been bestowed upon this case, it, in fact, involves
“but this single question; which of the ships *struck*
“*first?*”

And in substance the learned Judge was very right. The question was—which vessel had occasioned the collision. But surely it may be admitted that in giving his sentence, this Marine Magistrate had, (very suitably) got astride on the animal, which (if my memory serves me,) was sacred to the fabulous Ruler of the Seas.

In short, Sir, in order to constitute a Blunder, it is not requisite that we should be *unintelligible*: it is enough, if we are *incorrect*. A Bull is but a labyrinth;*—to be extricated from which, we want nothing but a Clew.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient, and very humble Servant,

Martin Minotaur.

* This is a Metonymy, of the thing *containing*, for *part* of the thing *contained*. I say *part*;—for Minotaur, the Inhabitant of the Cretan Labyrinth, was but *half* a Bull.

M.

NUMBER L.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1808.

THE REVERY;

A POEM:

UNFINISHED.

CANTO I.*

Cor gonfiato, e pregno.

TASSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poem opens with the fable of *Syrinx*; or rather with illustrative allusions to it; the Author insinuating, that as from the melody of those reeds, into which the Naiad of Thessaly was transformed, originated that rudimental instrument, the Shepherd's Pipe; in like manner, from those impressions made on him, by the artless musick of his own murmurs at his lot, sprung whatever harmony and arrangement may be found in the following lines.—Peculiar consolations, attending the mild dejections of Sensibility, when surrounded with Misfortune. These contrasted with the despair of a mutinous and gloomy spirit. The Poet bids such avault; whilst, on the other hand, he expresses an equal aversion to unfeeling, cold, ungenerous Dispositions. Describes the unsuspecting confidence of a young

* Written A. D. 1790.—Johnson defines *Revery* to mean *loose musing*: *irregular thought*.

and liberal mind; and it's disappointment and consternation, when for the first time undeceived. Picture of the conduct of weak, insensible, and vulgar Minds, in their relations with the Generous and Feeling. This conduct contrasted with that of a Kindred Soul; of the tone and character of whose friendship the Author gives a sketch. Wishes his verses might procure him such a Friend. Confesses a weakness:—which leads to reflections on the foresight, and memory of MAN. The writer states the evils, that may be alleged to arise from these Faculties; which, however, he considers to be Blessings, on the whole.

Fearful and fleet as bright *Ladonia* flew,
Tangling in earth, to reeds the Trembler grew:
Reft of the prize which scarce his speed had gain'd,
Earth-fixt alike the wondering *Pan* remain'd:
When hark! a sigh,—and then a melting strain 5
Rose on the breeze; and faltering, died again:
Say, was it Zephyr—from the mazy reeds—
That thus escaping—with a sigh—proceeds?
Or the quell'd sobbings of th' ill-fated Maid, 9
Dispersed in murmurs through the breathing shade?—
On his astonish'd ear the sweetness stole;
(O! power of sound!) and trickled to his soul:
Down his rough cheek the streaming sorrowshower'd;
And late remorse his inward peace devour'd: 14
“Loved, injured maid,” he cries, “th' Assassin hears
“Thy fond complaint; and bathes it in his tears:
“Yet with that moan, on gales unconscious borne,
“Will soothe the lot he cannot cease to mourn:

" Lo ! from these murmurings—my task shall be
" To frame a soul-subduing melody : 20
" In shadowy vale, on mountain's towering brow,
" Thy tones shall soothe the love-lorn shepherd's woe ;
" Thy melting accents charm the silent hour ;
" O'er the full breast th' assuaging solace pour ; 24
" Tame headlong Rage ; and thaw the frost of Cares,
" To fond regrets, and tenderness, and tears ;
" And to my bosom call thee, gentle shade,
" 'Till thy voice heal the wound thy form has made."
His victim thus the God consoled, and mourn'd ;
While soft, approving sighs—the shuddering Reeds
return'd. 30

Ev'n thus, while late I gave my lot a tear,
The wild-note of my sorrows caught mine ear :
Th' unbidden melody, th' heart-issuing tone
Of griefs—alas ! not foreign ; but my own :
Ev'n thus, combined the simple strains of woe, 35
And ranged to verse, in these plain numbers flow.
For Sorrow hides, within the heaving sigh,
A secret principle of Harmony ;
And oft, while ills the labouring bosom wear,
Soft falls their utterance on the listening ear : 40
As where the thwarted streamlet chides its way,
Thro' the pleased sense the limpid murmurs stray ;
Or as the waves, that vex the toiling Deep,
Soothe while they heave, and moan, around the steep.—
A secret charm—thus let my verse impart ; 45
While, wandering thro' my lot, the feeling Heart

Shall steep in soothing tears each pensive line ;
 And sympathizing,—blend its cares with mine.—
 Nor yet the Muse my story shall reveal ; 50
 Or link the trivial gossips in a tale :
 Enough, unfetter'd, if the rambling lay
 My thoughts, my sentiments, myself convey ;
 While no strict rules the melody confine,
 Nor cold Exactness smooths each polish'd line ; 55
 But, as the passing gale, that sweeps the strings,
 Wide o'er the air the careless sweetness flings,
 Ungovern'd still the nat'ural murmurs flow,
 As my heart vibrates to the gust of woe.*—
 Soft the regrets, and genial are the showers, 90
 That o'er its griefs the yearning bosom pours,
 When the fond heart, its melancholy store
 Outspreading, meekly counts the sorrows o'er ;
 Sooth'd with the sentiment of inward worth,†
 Calls, with a languid smile, each misery forth : 65

* Allusion to an Æolian Harp.

† The sentiment here adverted to is far removed from pride of heart ; and perfectly consistent with humility. It is not the vain-glorious emotion of the Pharisee, (St. Luke, ch. 18. v. 11, & 12)—but that of the righteous and the patient Job, (ch. 10. v. 7.) which is not incompatible with the humble and true positions of the same upright Man, (ch. 7. v. 20. ch. 9. v. 2. ch. 10. v. 15.)—Our Lord himself, as I recollect, recommends a patient endurance of (emphatically) *unmerited* severity and hard treatment, on the ground that such endurance is acceptable to God. The very practice of this virtue implies a (meek) consciousness of merits.

Then, sighing ! weighs its merits with its fate ;
And whispers, " Fortune, thou art in my debt !"—
O singular delight ! sad pleasure ! known
And tasted by the tender breast alone ;
When Pain's approaches soften'd hearts repel ; 70
And with fair Comfort (hard to picture !) dwell ;
Repining, smile ;—and wailing, not despond ;
Soar on the cares of life ; and look beyond.
Ev'n then—when bending on their hoard of care,
With calm self-pity swell ; not wild despair : 75
Pity, the growth of patience, worth, and woes ;
That asks of Heaven—in every sigh—repose !*
Repose,—or here, or if to Heaven seem best,
There, where at length " the weary be at rest."†
For, though to sadly solemn thought inclined, 80
True Feeling (ever gentle and resign'd,)
With pious relish eats its bread in peace ;
Its twilight fortune views with thankfulness ;
Nor looks o'er-anxious to the fruitful womb 84
Of Time, for brighter aught, this side the tomb.—
'Tis Folly pines for bliss that Fate denies :
Contented Wisdom—what is given enjoys.
To distant heights tho' soaring Hope aspire,
And, in bright visions, Fancy tempt Desire,
Of Hope—Experience checks the erring flight ; 90
And hues of Fancy fade in Reason's light.

* *Da placidam Juveni quietem !* GRAY.

† Book of Job ; ch. 3. v. 17.

For, dipp'd in splendours of departing day,
 When evening clouds a glittering skirt display,
 Whose crimson'd lustres, kindling into gold,
 Fix'd in mute gaze th' enthusiast Poet hold, 95
 Tho' seen from far—th' illusive glories shine,
 Approach'd,—to cheerless vapour they decline :
 Thus, objects oft, by Fancy's heavenly ray
 Illumin'd, look in distant vision gay ;
 But reach'd—to graspless, withering mist decay.— }
 But, though the tears of genuine Feeling flow,—
 With resignation fraught,—to lessen woe,
 Not so the sombre spirit, (while Despair
 Spreads a thick shade o'er every lighter care,)
 Heedful each ray of comfort to exclude, 105
 Till on her hideous offspring Fancy brood,
 Sits by the ruins of a sinking fire ;
 Views the sparks linger,—gleam,—and then expire ;
 While, from without, the sullen mastiff growls ; 109
 And the shower rushes ; and the tempest howls.*

* " Mine, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather
 " Leucocholy for the most part ; which, though it seldom laughs
 " or dances, yet is a good easy sort of a state. But there is
 " another sort, black indeed, that has somewhat in it like Ter-
 " tullian's rule of faith, Credo quia impossibile est ;—for it be-
 " lieves, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be
 " but frightful ; and, on the other hand, excludes, and shuts its
 " eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is plea-
 " surable."

GRAY: letter to WEST.

Hence with all such ! But hence alike with those,
 Friends, World-yclept,—but heart-entitled foes !
 Thro' whose cold maxims sauntering sadly on,
 I meet not one opinion of my own ;
 Who, vulgar, vapid, selfish, weak, and vain, 115
 Form your good sort of people in the main.—
 The generous Youth to all around him lends
 The warmth he feels within ; and thinks them friends :*
 Each tender want his own rich heart supplies ;
 But wasting, asks at length for sympathies. 120
 The charm then broke, the bright illusion ends ;
 And the scared wretch looks round him for his friends :

* ————— *Defiance*

Est toujours d'un grand cœur la dernière science. RACINE.

The sensibility which the writer alludes to, in this and other passages of the present poem, is not that sore, morbid, and despicable state of mind, to which Calumny, in its representations, ever perverts the genuine disposition ; but which is incompatible with a good heart, regulated by a sound understanding. The sensibility to which the Author has adverted, is that which is at least consistent with, if not characteristic of, a great, (and consequently a judicious, collected, and deliberate) Mind. Doctor Robertson, in his history of America, describes "*exquisite sensibility*" as appropriately belonging to "*great minds* ;" and accordingly attributes it to no less a mind than that of Columbus. But to confound this noble quality, (a source of virtue, and what may be termed moral wisdom,) with that troublesome, weak, and contemptible irritability, which sometimes assumes its name,—this confusion, I say, is the accustom'd trick of Slander, *affingens vicina virtutibus vitia*.

In vain!—the fairy scene for ever fled,
 (A bleak and cheerless Desert in its stead,)
 Back on itself his wounded soul retires; 125
 While Friendship's pulse beats low; and liberal Hope
 expires.—

Ah! late retreat! nor 'till the wily train
 Have wrought smooth seemings* to a magic chain;
 And, in the circle of your habits bound, 129
 With whisper'd calumnies have fenced you round;†
 Nor 'till their curious Malice hath divined—
 And sicken'd at—your different cast of mind:—
 For, generous warmth gives *Selfishness* offence;
 And *Cunning* dreads the piercing glance of Sense.—
 A philosophic theme should *Rufo* choose, 135
 Or flutter, foil'd, around some‡ point abstruse,

* Like Hamlet, the *young Man*, of good feelings, "*knows not seems*."—No wonder therefore if he have mistaken semblance for reality. But have patience. He will, if he but lives, acquire age;—and if his eyes but continue *open*, his heart, in time, will *shut*;—though not inaccessibly.

† I know of no more usual stratagem amongst persons, such as the Writer here describes, (nor any more effectual,) towards securing that ascendancy to which their Tyranny aspires, than slyly and indirectly to misrepresent your character to the world; which thus deterr'd from approaching,—is induced to judge upon mere hearsay; and so abandons you to the despotism of your hostile friends.

‡ Unlike the Moth; who gains at length—the point he was fluttering round;—or like the Moth; who perishes at the moment in which he reaches Light.

(Reader, for one of the deceitful band,
By way of specimen, let *Rufo* stand;)
Your vigorous Genius grasps the lurking truth;
And for assent reveals :—incautious Youth! 140
Your hearer's granite heart, and groping mind
Mean Self-love hardens; vulgarest errors blind;
And if, by chance, low Envy comprehend,
Your Perspicacity will—what?—offend!
A sentimental strain should he prefer, 145
Deem you the soul in unison?—you err.
Yet mark, alas! how empty words impose!
Thaw'd on the instant, lo! your heart o'erflows; }
And every secret, soft emotion shows! }
On spotless Truth does foul Detraction feed,— 150
Or Pride of Power avow th' oppressive deed?
Quick from your eye the lambent flashes gleam;
And Indignation kindles you to flame!
Learn, generous Dupe, this ferment to conceal:
He but describes, alas!—'tis you that feel.— 155
In converse with the virtuous and the wise,
Forth, without fear, the liberal maxim flies,
On wings of words; while circling Sympathy
Swell's at the heart; and glistens in the eye:
But with the vulgar herd,—of knave and fool, 160
Candour is Risk:—we there must talk by rule;
The nobler feelings lab'ring in the breast,
Truth's light obscured,—and Honour's voice sup-
press'd;—

Each sentence—else—shall Dulness misconceive;
 And Scandal propagate;—and Malice believe— 165
 To knave and fool the closer ties impart
 What?—The dear privilege to break your heart.
 Soon in your generous—meek—simplicity,*
 They ken the quarry meet for Tyranny:
 Soon Envy whispers your superior sense; 170
 And Pride records th' inexpiable offence.
 Such friends their counsels lavishly bestow;
 Nor,—mercenary,—ask the like of you:
 But, while with praise they daub your worth and sense,
 Nathless—'wo'n't burthen with their confidence; 175
 But, in its room, their kindness to express,
 Pillage your heart; and sack thro' each recess;†
 Then to the World mysteriously reveal
 Whate'er they do in fact,—or say they—steal;
 And in the midst of false encomium,—try, 180
 By slanderous hints,—to turn to obloquy.—
 Lo! now the Tyrants goad: then soothe to rest;
 But watch the rising hope that warms your breast;
 And, as it kindles, hastily throw on 184
 Cold scorn, or quenching blame to keep it down;

* That simplicity which so frequently attends on Wisdom.

"And oft while Wisdom wakes," &c. &c. MILTON.

† The Writer is treating of the *Young*; whose generous, but giddy Inexperience leads them to *keep open heart* to those, Economists of Communication, who whilst *alieni appetentes*, are anything but *suorum profusi*.

Or, in vague phrase,—with cabalistic nod,—
 Set all to rights,—by whispering—you are odd.—
 Your dark reserve, if silent, these condemn ;
 Your sentiments, if freely utter'd, stem ; 189
 Your every wish oppose and frustrate :—true :—
 But then 'tis barely with a friendly view.—
 O ! never d^{ove} that you're esteem'd and loved,
 Tho' act, w^hold, look, thought,—all are disapproved !
 Nor deem that while your judgment is bepraised, 194
 Surrounding measures rather speak you crazed ;—
 Wither your firm audacity of soul ;
 Your spirit shatter ; intellect control ;
 And shrink th' expansive energies that warm'd,
 To timorous doubt, and wavering awe deform'd.*
 Ev'n then, when Grief the poignant moment gnaws,
 Mistake not their ill-treatment for the cause ; 201
 Nor vainly think your weary bosom knows
 No wish,—no hope at least,—but for repose ;—

* I suspect that the World is defrauded of more prompt and intrepid intellect, than is commonly supposed, by that ^{lacking} of the spirit and vigour of the human character, which the Poem here alludes to. Unfortunately too, those characters are most liable to be paralyzed by improper treatment, whose energies would admit of being best directed, if unimpaired. Add that if the degrading ascendant, of vulgar and imbecil minds, is at length spurned, and as it were flung off, by the elasticity of oppressed Greatness, it is too often with a rankling sense of provocation, which gives the energy an ill direction ; and, when operating on a large scale, might even produce havock.

Content each brighter, loftier view to wave,
 And sink obscure in that unnoticed grave, 205
 To save from which, as seem'd, by favouring Heaven,
 Talent—above the vulgar lot—was given :—
 Deluded ! search your sickly Fancy through ;
 Thence—of your grief—the phantom sorrows flow ; }
 There find, and blush, each visionary use !
 Savage device, of Cruelty refined ! 211
 Establish'd usage of the' oppressor Mind !
 While deep Unkindness blots the *outward* scene,
 To bid the' oppress'd beware of gloom *within*.—
 So from the famish'd wretch, whose eye pursues 215
 The envied morsel their hard hearts refuse,
 Should craving Nature force one languid groan,
 Such friends would straight the peevish haste bemoan :
 To check those dreams of Fancy recommend ;
 And those unjust suspicions of his friend : 220
 'Tis from pure love that they deny him food ;
 And if he's starv'd,—sure, sure, 'tis for his good !
 To me such counsels ! me ! whose mental ray,
 When 'tis dark abroad, gives inward day ! 224
~~For~~ Give to me ! and preach'd by Souls like those !
 When let Necessity her laws impose,
 While to the yoke my pliant spirit bends,
 Mischance is sure to gall these patient friends.—
 To me ! whose temper, open and serene,
 Ere well the storm is past, shines out again ; 230

And quick the scatter'd gloom dispersing round,
 'Till o'er th' expanse of mind no speck is found,
 Forth issues smiling *Hope*, and straight renews
 Her pleasing task : his pastime *Joy* pursues.

(Continued in the next Number.)

I

NUMBER LI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1808.

THE REVERY CONTINUED.

Not such the comforts of the kindred Mind, 235
 By Worth made just : by Sympathy made kind :
 Does your heart droop? He will not straightway show,
 Intuitive ! how 'tis with fancied woe ;
 But first partaking, next he weighs your fears :
 First mingling his, then wipes away your tears ; 240
 Divines the source of sorrow, half untold ;
 Mutters a broken sigh ;—and you 're consoled !*—

* In the (long since past) Heroic Ages, when a stranger made his appearance, he was in the first instance most hospitably received ; and then, and not till then, was asked his name and business :

The friend who loves you, leaves you not the less
 Chief Architect of your own happiness.
 A varying pile each varying Taste may raise : 245
 Yet Truth and Virtue form the common base.
 Frankly he gives th' advice his love secures ;
 And then, half-offering his,—half-follows yours :
 Finds not all reasons that refute him bad ; 249
 Nor, though you differ from him, calls you mad :
 To him to counsel,—you to judge belong ;
 And strange ! he bears to be convinced he's wrong.
 But should the latent mischief meet his eye,
 When Rashness blindly tempts a danger nigh,
 Or Error treads mid snares of Treachery,
 His firm withholding Love arrests you there ;— 256
 And lifts the voice of warning on your ear.—
 On his mild brow there lowers no Censor frown ;
 Who sees your frailty ;—but who feels his own ;
 Nor seeks each blemish—too exact—to scan,* 260
 And prove, at last, the friend he has chosen—MAN !

ness : an inquiry, too, of which the object was to render him still
 farther service. *Odys.* l. 3. v. 4. l. 4. v. 1.—Such ought, we
 think, to be the reception of a travailed heart ; (at least where
 the Host professes to be a friend.) The stranger Grief—(which
may be Great ; and of high distinction ;) should at first be respect-
 fully and soothingly received ; and after a cordial and due refresh-
 ment (of oil and wine,) the grievances may be investigated ; and
 shown to be inconsiderable ; or, as the case may be, redressed,
 mitigated ; or at least pitied ; if not shared.

* “ *Exact MY OWN defects to scan.*” GRAY.

Frugal in praises of your worth, or sense,
 His conduct better speaks his confidence :*
 The liberal confidence,—the warm esteem,— 264
 That act as they profess; and *know not seem*.†—
 But should bright Fame—or Fortune's smile attend
 On the reported merits of his Friend,—
 Or Serpent Slander, feigning to bewail
 And hiss your faults,‡—your character assail,— 269
 Bursts forth, in honest praise, the friendly flame;
 And sheds a radiant glory round your name.
 O! could my lays attract the kindred mind,
 Which here my craving Fancy has design'd,—
 Which, no bright creature of the Poet's brain,
 Is drawn from Virtue, Nature, Frailty, Man,— 275
 How should my Spirit bless the pensive hour,
 When forth it ventured first its griefs to pour!

* Be sure that he, who cultivating your intimacy, and soliciting, and almost exacting, *your* confidence, withholds, i. e. refuses, his,—is, *at the least*, not your friend.

† Hamlet.

‡ This is a wet drapery which Scandal often wears; especially when she goes forth with those,

“ Who should against the *Slanderer* shut the door;

“ Not bear the knife themselves.”——

The practice is noticed in the following lines of an Elegy which may make its appearance in some future Number:

“ For Malice oft, affecting to bewail,

“ Will feign a fault; and whisper it to Fame:

“ Will shroud the worth, it trembles to assail;

“ And with a *slandrous pity*—taint your name.”

How thank th' indulgent Muse, that bad rehearse,
And smooth'd the rugged sorrows into verse !*
Nor let me, courting thus the friend unknown, 280
Suppress a lurking weakness ; or disown ;
But freely let the candid strain declare,
If aught I know of mine own character.
If then, th' impending ill distinct and plain,
My Soul can firmly wait it, or sustain ; 285
If while Fate's " slings and arrows" round us flew,
And my bewildered Counsellors withdrew,
Unscared 'twould stand, in many a conflict rude,
Arm'd with cool thought, and patient fortitude ;
If rare the gloom my smiling temper knows, 290
Save shades projected from substantial woes,
Yet in those shadows wrapp'd, my groping mind,
Peopling the darkness with a murky kind,
Too oft augments the *probable to sure* ;
And to *terrific* aggravates th' *obscure* ; 295
"Till Reason's beam, or Hope's Elysian ray
Cheers my benighted thoughts, with mental day ;
Or 'till Conjecture's dream-fraught influence closed,
In its true stature stands the Grief exposed.—
Stupendous Gift ! by towering *Man* enjoy'd ; 300
While to his fellow-creature, Brute, denied :
Not to remove the awful veil of Fate ;
But, with predictive glance, half penetrate ;

* " He gain'd from Heaven,—'twas all he wish'd,—a Friend."

And thro' the shadowy future dimly spy
 The glare of meteor grief, or lucid beam of joy; 305
 While Memory's curious pencil stores the mind
 With many a lively sketch of periods left behind.—
 Thus let me gild my subject, with a ray
 From virtuous, pensive, philosophic GRAY !* 309
 Thus on that wondrous, unknown Essence† pause,
 Which to its point all Time, all Nature draws ;
 While rapid *Hope* along th' Hereafter glides ;
 And deep *Reflection* in the past resides.—
 Art thou, proud boon, a blessing, or a curse ?
 Mending the lot of *Man*,—or making worse ? 315
 Say, as thro' Life's vexatious path we steal,
 Mid numerous ills, where scatter'd comforts dwell,
 While thronging Cares press round us, and pursue,
 Shall *Foresight* point at distant sorrows too ?
 Or the scarce closing wounds of former pain, 320
 By savage *Memory* open'd—bleed again ?
 But how then better'd by the adverse hour,—
 Unless preserv'd in Memory's ample store ?

* “ The herd stood drooping by :—

“ Their raptures now that wildly flow,

“ No yesterday, nor morrow know ;

“ 'Tis MAN alone that joy describes

“ With forward and reverted eyes.” GRAY.

† The Soul of Man : that sublime and mysterious effect of the
breath of life, breathed into his nostrils, by his Creator ; by the
Divine energy of which, Man became a living Soul.

GENESIS, ch. 2. v. 7.

For there Experience holds her useful school ;
 And there Reflection culls each weighty rule : 325
 On past affliction, Virtue loves to dwell :—
 The powerful hand that strikes—would have us
 feel.*—

Nay, in remember'd woes a balm is found ;
 To soothe the weary spirit ; not to wound.†
 Fell deeds of elder time, as Bards rehearse ; 330
 And cheer th' heroic banquet with the verse.
 But grant we that recorded grief annoys ;—
 In the same archives lodged, our former joys
 Still for our pleasure (thanks to Memory !) live ;
 From past, grow present ;—and themselves sur-
 vive.‡—— 335

Nor *Foresight* less,—recalling us from Fate,
 Points at prospective bliss,—to compensate ;
 And sooth while life's o'ergrown with thorns of pain,
 Full many a comfort glows in Hope's domain ;

* A passage, containing somewhat, resembling this senti-
 ment, will be found at the conclusion of a letter of *Mr. Gray*.
 It is the 18th letter of the 4th section of the memoirs edited by
Mr. Mason ; and is addressed to the Editor.

† ——— *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* VIRG.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
 Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace.

GRAY.

‡ ———— *juvat o! meminisse beati*

Temporis. OVID.—See also the Pleasures of Memory.

Where flourish ! bright, in amaranthine bowers, 340
Worthy of Paradise, immortal flowers.*

O ! from that blissful, earliest, lost abode,
Where *Man*, sublime, held converse with his *God*,
From the blest tract, now barr'd with sword of flame,
Where Hope and pure fruition are the same, 345

To the fall'n creature, grovelling here below,
Thy heavenly sweets let gales of Eden blow !

And o'er the fainting care-worn heart infuse
Their cordial fragrance, and celestial dews !

His weary soul with these let *Mun* revive ; 350

Accept the present bliss that Hope can give ;

Nor, Ingrate, then his comforter revile,

Even tho' her path,—for yet a little while,—

To disappointments lead,—that in the grave 354

End calmly :—these a *CHRISTIAN* Mind can brave ;

And bless in Hope,—best gift of Heavenly love,

The foretaste of unfading Joys above :

For Joys, care-stain'd, impure, and transient here,

Take root, and brighten to immortal there. 359

But doth not Foresight damp—as well as cheer ?

Now feed unreal hope,—now groundless fear ?

And oft in dreams, by timorous Fancy led,

Start from the yawning gulph,—and waken Dread?—

Then has Heaven's bounty been perversely used :

And where 's the blessing—may not be abused? 365

* Flowers worthy of Paradise. MILTON.

Th' effect still varies with the character :
While toss the few in storms of causeless Fear,
Brisk thousands glide in Hope's enlivening gale ;
And what but Foresight crowds the swelling sail ?—
True—while remote Disaster aims the dart, 370
Expectant Fear anticipates the smart :—
But who foresees an ill—may oft avoid ;
And harmless view the frustrate mischief glide :—
Or Hope shall seem to shield him from the blow ;—
Or Resignation, gazing on the woe, 375
Dispel the gloomy menace that surrounds ;
And trace a brightness dawning on its frowns.—
As erst, mid melancholy boughs conceal'd,
The mystic branch the Dardan Chief beheld, 379
Thwart the deep horrors that encompass'd, gleam,
And pierce the forest with a golden beam ;—*
Or quencht in shades, as first th' unpractised eye
Round its dim cell no guiding ray can spy ;
But glimmering soon,—a faint, uncertain light
Lifts the imperfect objects into sight. 385
Even then the gloomy mass, yet half unseen,
Wears to the startled view a threatening mien ;
Till by degrees th' unfinish'd outline grows ;
And thick, contrasting shades a *Form* disclose : 389
The eye each moment some new shape descrys ;
Sees moustrous blots improve to symmetries ;

* *Æneid*, lib. 6. vv. 136, 7, 8, 9,—& 204 et seq.

And used to husband thus its scanty ray,
Shrinks dazzled from the whelming blaze of Day.

I.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO,*

NUMBER LII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1806.

Necdum finitus ! O Rest — !

Juv.†

Yes, patient‡ Readers, I resign my pen;—
To be, when e'er it please you, claim'd again.

ANECDOTE.

PUNS may be unintentional; and *Alliterations* inadvertent. In the sixth Number of this Collection, I at first wrote—"of seducing *Cunctator* from his *Fastness*." On reading the passage over, I per-

* No more of this Poem was ever written.

† Scriptus et in tergo—necdum finitus Orestes.

‡ Quære—if not, by this time, impatient?

ceived that, to some pun-hunter, this might appear fair game; and accordingly—I *discreetly blotted** a merely seeming *Jeu de môts*.—I next proceeded to substitute *Fabius* for *Cunctator*;—when lo! I found myself, in avoiding *Scylla*, to have fallen on *Charibdis*; in steering clear of *Equivoque*, to have been nearly swallowed in *Alliteration*. I then diverted my repairs to another part of the sentence; and prudently altered “*Fastness*” to “*Position*.”—If this change had not taken place, I might have been convicted of one, or the other offence;—without that essential ingredient of culpability, a *criminal intent* on my part. Such at least must have been my fate, had I been tried before that prejudiced tribunal, which imputed guilt to *Gray*, for having given a *hauberk* to the Warrior whom he had already provided with a *helm*; and would have had him, (forgetful of the period which he was describing,) incur an *Anachronism*, to escape an *Alliteration*.—Good!—*Anachronism*, and *Alliteration*! I am myself becoming “the great sublime I draw;” and without daring to lament my misfortune with even an *Alas*! (for this interjection, *helas*! commences with an *A*,) must even conclude at once,—though lamely and impotently enough,—with a most

* Were it but known what they discreetly blot. POPE.

glaring alliteration, committed by Cicero himself
"Ut tunc ad Senem Senex de Senectute, Sic
"hoc libro ad Amicum Amicissimus de Amicitia
"scripsi."

DREAMS.

The following is the last Dispatch, which I have had from my Sleeper General, *Endymion* ;* who, by the way, has of late become very vigilant and lazy ; whereas I remember the day (or night) when he was on the contrary so active, that he could scarcely keep his eyes open ; and was indeed as industrious and sure a Sleeper as ever snored.

The Dispatch.

I am ashamed to address you, Sire : I, who contrary to the duties of my office, and almost of my allegiance, have not closed my eyes for months ; except during those ordinary and nocturnal hours, in which the Vulgar sleep. On the sad consequences which have ensued, it is impossible for me to think without remorse. Your Royal Message of the sixteenth of July,† to my confusion, proves that, deserted by your Steward of Visions,‡ your Majesty

* See Number XV.

† Number XLIV.

‡ Number XV.

has been put to the trouble of falling asleep yourself. The fact however is, that I have for some time laboured under a most insuperable restlessness; and have not for the last fortnight yawned oftener than five or six times in the day. Wishing to give to your Ideal Majesty every proof of loyal attachment, compatible with the melancholy and sleepless state to which I find myself reduced, and conceiving that the next best thing to dreaming, is so tell others' dreams, I take the liberty of laying the following Somnia, with my commentary upon them, at your Royal feet.

I. In the *Discours preliminaire* of Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*, the following passage will be found.

“ Il doit être arrivé qu’ un homme, sensiblement
“ frappé de la mort de son Pere, ou de son frere,
“ ou de sa femme, ait vu, dans un songe, la per-
“ sonne qu’il regrettait. Deux ou trois songes de
“ cette nature auront inquiété toute une peuplade.
“ *Voila un Mort, qui apparâit à des vivans!* Et
“ cependant ce mort, rongé des vers, est toujours en
“ la même place. *C’est donc son âme, son ombre,*
“ *ses manes.* Tel est le raisonnement naturel de l’
“ Ignorance, qui commence à raisonner.”—The
above extraordinary theory of Apparitions, I quote
for the mere purpose of disputing, as altogether

shallow, irrational, and absurd. The supposed Dreamer would have been too much and too gradually accustomed to the being presented with such visionary appearances in his sleep, for it to be possible that he should mistake them for Revenans; or not recognize them as the mere

"Fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train."

He would probably have seen his father, wife, or brother in a dream, when, to his knowledge, the person so beheld was still alive. At least he would have seen *some one* in a dream, while this *some one* was alive; and this is quite sufficient to answer the purposes of my argument; and effectually to refute the idle system of Voltaire.

II. *Beattie*,—Author of the essay upon Truth, (to which we may accordingly presume that, in the narrative with which I shall present my Readers, he has adhered,) in that part of his "*Dissertations*," where he treats "of dreaming,"—after premising that *surprize* is an emotion, incompatible with the continuance of *Sleep*,—and accordingly, that to be startled is to awake,—proceeds to give the following very singular account.

"I dreamed once, that I was walking on the parapet of a high bridge. How I came there, I did not know: but recollecting that I had never been

“given to pranks of that nature, I began to think
“it might be a dream; and finding my situation un-
“easy, and desirous to get rid of so troublesome an
“idea, I threw myself headlong, in the belief that
“the shock of the fall would restore my senses;—
“which happened accordingly.”

Here his judgment appears to have continued so active and vigorous during sleep, that, *first*, the Dreamer *concluded*,—from the absurd improbability of the scene with which Fancy was presenting him,—*that he was dreaming*; and *secondly* recollected, and *deliberately, and successfully acted on and applied* his own theory, that Surprise was inconsistent with the repose of sleep.—He voluntarily (and humouring the vein and allegory of his Dream,) excited the shock and emotion of surprise; and by doing so, accomplished his purpose, and awoke.—“This is the part of his story, which, I confess, “throws me headlong” into a state of very profound amazement;—for as to surmising, in a dream, that one is but dreaming, this I take to be no very uncommon circumstance; and is one which, in the days of my drowsiness and tranquillity, has more than once occurred to me:—though Mr. Beattie’s conjecture, by the way,—is somewhat too logical, deliberate, and *réflechie*.—And now having told my French and Scottish Dreams, it only remains that,

after repeating my apologies for the lazy vigilance into which I have lately fallen, I subscribe myself, with those sentiments, which

“Whether sleeping, or awake,”

I must entertain,—in short with sentiments of the most visionary loyalty and veneration,

Sire,

Your unreal Majesty's

Faithful and devoted subject,

And servant,

ENDYMION NIGHTSHADE.

S. G. S. V. &c. &c

The following Memoranda are copied from *Charles Mortimer's** common place book ; and are here inserted, under the sentence of a Court of Forfeitures , duly established, according to the laws and usages of Small-Play ; which competent Tribunal, during a Session lately held at *Oakley-Park* ;† doomed a page of the aforesaid book, having been opened by the owner, blind-fold, to do penance in a white sheet ; exposed publickly in a Number, or Gazette, of the Anonymous.

I. Is it not unfortunate, in the administration of the intellectual concerns of life, that Men are

* See Number IV.

† Number IV.

usually diffident—in the inverse ratio of their grounds for self-distrust? while, on the other hand, those place the most implicit confidence in themselves (attended with a supreme contempt for the intellect of others,) who have, in fact, nothing—or next to nothing—to confide in?—*Qu' importe!*—The Bills, which (without any effects in the Drawee's hands,) their Arrogance, without scruple or hesitation, draws,—their Correspondent Impudence as unhesitatingly accepts;—and pays!—not indeed in sterling *talents*; but in coin, which, if not enriching to the Creditor, is highly satisfactory to him who makes the payment. It may be alleged of such Acceptors, *qu' ils payent d' audace*.

II. A style should not be too striking. It should not so attract, as to call off our attention, from the ideas, to the words. It should be a sort of *accompagnement*; and consequently be *sommesso*: not drowning, or overpowering *the subject*, which it accompanies; and which its subordinate province is to adorn and set off.

III. In the *Sylvæ* of *Beza*, the following line forms part of his encomium on *Bath-Sheba*:

“*Miratus viridesque oculos, frontemque patentem.*”

It is curious to contrast such a trait in the beauty of this celebrated *Jewess*,—with the *Jew* Isaac's proviso, in *The Duenna*:

“And her eyes may be e'en any colour, *but green*.”

I, for my part, am disposed to agree with Isaac.—

IV. VANSITTART AND PYE.*

A PARODY ON
TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

Strange! what a difference Parties spy
'Twixt, in the end, but tart and pie!

V. AMPULLÆ

SIVE
INFLATIO.

Duelos y quebrantos. Don Quixote.

Detulit immanes strepitus, sonantia regna,
Æolus in stomachum væ! rapuitque meum:
Viscera vagantes venti et jam turbine perflant;
Expulsi donec, quæ data porta, ruunt.

PROCLAMATION.

DOMINO R.

WHEREAS we hold that all literary Monarchies should be elective; and whereas it may be questionable whether we have been indeed elected to that high estate, which however we must be admitted to have filled, so much to our own credit, and the entertainment of our Subjects; we, taking the premisses into our Royal consideration, of our mere

* Written when two gentlemen of these names were Candidates for Berkshire.

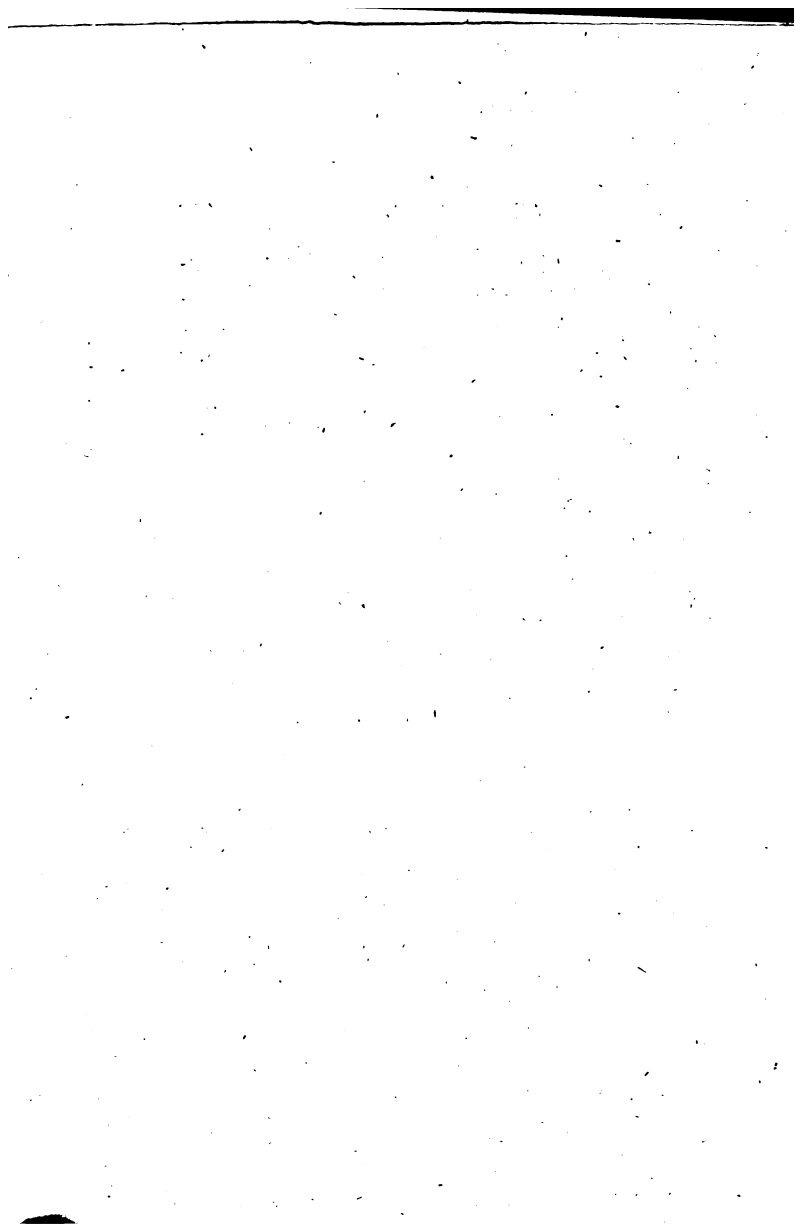
motion, and most princely favour, after a prosperous and brilliant reign, of almost two years' duration, resign our laurel crown; lay down our sceptre pen; and by these presents notify our magnanimous intention of temporarily abdicating our ideal throne; ready to reclaim our Kingly Dignity, re-occupy our literary dominions, and resume our Royal functions, whenever the voice of our Reader People shall recal us to the same. GIVEN at our Court at *Whoknowswhere*, the 10th day of September, in the second year of our Reign.

Vivat (hactenus) Rex.

U.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

J. M'CREEERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street, London.



ERRATA TO VOL. II.

Page, line,		Page, line,	
188	for JUNE 20th r. JUNE 27th	299	note, for XI r. IX
189	20, for couriers r. coureurs	300	1, for can be called r. may be called
193	8, for to &cet r. to be &cet	302	9, for hypothesis r. apotheosis
197	note, for the title r. this title	—	note, for into the word r. into the world
206	add, as a Signature to the Paper, the letter C.	310	16, for made by the fire r. made by fire
219	15, for mean r. meant	319	for ΑΡΑΤΗ ΜΑ r. ΑΡΑΤΗ ΜΑ
224	note, in last note but one, for he r. be	350	17, for corporeal r. corporal
227	18, for guinea r. guineas	366	14, for strayed r. stayed
243	6, for my business at the first r. my business at the former	—	24, for whilst r. while
250	23, for of poisonous r. of a poisonous	368	1, for toe r. too
252	11, for Atropos r. Atropa	370	25, for sometime r. sometimes
255	10, for chains r. chain	385	10, for solitary r. solitaire
256	7, for slum'bring r. slumb'ring	—	note, for confined to this r. confined to)
258	6, for Derisons r. Derisions	386	24, for a picture r. picture
—	13, for peevishness r. peevishnesses	387	13, for is r. was
274	1, Dele here	398	note, for W-nge-n r. W-ngt-n
275	18, for this r. the	402	6, at burst ye the parenthesis closes, thus, burst ye)
276	19, for I pass to r. I pass next to	407	note, line 10, for the consequence r. the consequences
285	9, for the r. these	413	4, for Corinne's r. Corinna's
288	13, for couples r. couplets	415	note, for though r. thought
291	note, after words Gray's Elegy, insert "Chill penury repress'd their noble rage."	429	note, for And oft while Wisdom wakes r. And oft tho' Wisdom wake, &c. &c.
297	4, for the three couplets r. the three last couplets	—	2d note, Dele comma after those
		443	9, for so tell r. to tell

The Reader is entreated to correct all the most material of the above errors with a pen.

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Hm





